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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1925.

FOURTEEN PAGES

"Story of Rockies" Proves Interesting to Everyone

Dr. Allan at Philosophical Society Tells the Geological Story—They Are Only 12,000,000 Years Old

A crowded auditorium greeted Dr. J. A. Allan on Wednesday evening when he delivered the third public lecture for the year of the Philosophical Society. His subject was, "The Story of the Rocky Mountains." Tracing their history through the ages, Dr. Allan finally described them as they really are today. He presented the facts about the glaciers and lakes in so interesting and vivid a manner that the most amateur geologist could understand. The great interest of the lecture was also heightened by the flashing on the wall of a great number of photographs, pictures and drawings.

Mountains, said the lecturer, are the beginning and end of all natural scenery. To fully appreciate the beauty of the natural scenery of mountains, it is first necessary to know something of their origin. Contrary to the common belief, new mountains are still being formed by external agents such as erosion. Mountains, as a whole, may be classified as original, including most volcanoes and also the Rockies, and subsequent, where the surrounding country has been affected by their growth. The name of all mountains west of the Canadian plains is the "Cordillera," which is divided into eastern, central and western belts. The eastern belt has in it two systems—the Arctic and Rocky, the Arctic including the Richardson mountains, and the Rocky system taking in the Mackenzie and Rocky ranges. It is interesting to note that great mountain ranges always border immense continental masses. Always, at least in the beginning, mountains were right by the shore line. Back in prehistoric times part of the present Rockies were submerged, and the other part bordered immediately on the sea.

The topography of the mountains is the result both of erosion and the gradual up-thrusting of the rock. Overthrusting often resulted when the more massive rocks of the west were thrust over the softer strata forming the under structure of the plains. Our rivers have their origin in the fact that when the mountains first arose the glaciers were turned up and drained eastward. Dr. Allan also explained and illustrated the

seven distinct types of lakes in which the Rockies abound. The effect of rock structure on the scenery is brought out in the seven types of mountains, each type resulting from its peculiar rock structure. Finally, said Dr. Allan, the Rockies are the youngest member of the Cordilleran family, being only 12,000,000 years old.

"CLASS '27" GOES ON DRAMATIC SHIELD

Juniors Win Annual Competition—Year Supporters Step Beyond the Bounds of Propriety

One of the best Inter-year Play competitions ever held in Convocation Hall was brought to a successful issue on Friday night, December 11th.

The Juniors were successful in adding another dramatic triumph to their long list; their play, "The Artist," a delightful fragment of life's drama adapted from a story of Tchekoff, winning the competition—a decision received enthusiastically by the audience.

The programme was sufficiently varied to suit the most exacting and diverse taste. The Freshman play was the first enacted. This was an absurd trifle, one of the Harvard Workshop plays, "Cooks and Cardinals," in which the cross-purposes of an irate Irish cook and a French chef who spoke no English, provided the audience with many occasions for laughter.

In startling contrast to the Freshman play was "The Second Lie," Mrs. Ecclestone Mackay's creepy, intense piece of realism, in which a desperate wife and a neurotic husband provide the grim entertainment. It was a pity that the full effect of this finely done play was partially lost through the foolish, childish and indefensible fiddlings of a section of the student audience.

This play, "The Artist," a delightful episode from life's drama, with an almost overwhelming climax, was worthy to win the competition, and was doubly distinguished in pleasing the audience and convincing the critics. The characterization of the artist was in the hands of L. D. Hyndman, who gave so fine a piece of acting in "The Admirable Crichton" last year. Miss Agnes Owens, as Genya, won all hearts, and was no less convincing than Miss Jose McCallum as Lidia. The part of the mother was in the hands of Miss Mildred Thrasher, and Del. E. Edmonds took the part of Byelkurov.

Before the final play was staged the Rooters' Club presented a decided and welcome novelty, a song, "Alberta Varsity Ever," sung by Mr. Geo. Conquest, who needs no introduction to University audiences. He was accompanied by Professor L. H. Nichols.

The programme closed with "The Mayor and the Manicure," a serio-comedy by George Ade, in which a mayor and a manicure girl match wits, with the mayor's son, a college boy, for prize.

A fine musical programme had been arranged by the University Orchestra under the direction of Mrs. J. B. Carmichael, and was enthusiastically received.

An expectancy as dramatic as anything done on the stage permeated the hall as Mrs. Haynes came before the curtain to make the award. After some very entertaining remarks, the decision was announced, which leaves the Shield in the keeping of the Juniors for another year.

Upon the eve of my retirement as Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway, I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation to all those who have so willingly contributed their time and talents to the paper. It is entirely due to the fine co-operation of the staff that The Gateway has been a success.

To Messrs. Wes. Oke, Jack Marshall and Aylmer Liesemer I wish to particularly express my thanks for the very great assistance they gave me.

(Signed)
WALTER B. HERBERT,
Editor-in-Chief.

MR. L. H. NICHOLS IS OFFICIAL ORGANIST

Board of Governors Makes Popular Appointment—University Can Consider Itself Fortunate

A recent move on the part of the Board of Governors was the appointment of Mr. L. H. Nichols as official organist of the University of Alberta. As an organist of note, Mr. Nichols needs no introduction to the student body, but it is not so certain that everyone is cognizant of the wide experience which he has had in that capacity.

Mr. Nichols began his study under Dr. P. J. Illsley, organist of St. George's Church, in Montreal, under whom he practised for twelve years, acting in the capacity of assistant organist for a large percentage of that time. Later, he became organist and choirmaster of Douglas Methodist Church in Montreal. There, and at other churches, he played until the outbreak of the war, when he enlisted. At the conclusion of the war, Mr. Nichols returned to Montreal, and then, in the autumn of 1922, came to the University of Alberta as a lecturer in Physics. Since that time he has been organist of Knox Presbyterian Church for almost two years, as well as being a motive force in musical endeavor in the Glee Club and in other Varsity activities. Certainly, the Board of Governors could not have made a wiser or a more popular choice.

As official organist, Mr. Nichols will regularly conduct the musical part of the Sunday morning service in Convocation Hall, and he plans to enlarge the choir to some fifty or more voices, as well as to introduce mixed-voice singing to a great extent, thereby greatly enhancing the beauty of the service. From this enlarged choir Mr. Nichols' ultimate aim is the development of a group of choral singers, not only for the weekly service, but for the rendering of song recitals.

This last proposal of Mr. Nichols' is quite in accord with the idea held by the War Memorial Committee, when they decided upon the organ, viz., that the organ should be used, not only for the services, but for the general entertainment of University people. In furtherance of this idea, Mr. Nichols intends to give a weekly recital for one hour, preferably 4:30-5:30, on Mondays, for those of the student body who may desire this particular form of relaxation from their studies.

MR. L. H. NICHOLS



In addition to this general policy, the Organ Committee, appointed by President Tully to supervise the use of the organ, proposes from time to time to have distinguished organists, local or otherwise, give recitals. It is rumored that the first of these latter recitals will be given on January 14 by Dr. Ernest MacMillan, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and although arrangements have not been definitely made, it is to be hoped that we may have the pleasure of hearing Dr. MacMillan, who is not only a master of the organ, but is himself a composer of no mean repute.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

By C.S.C.

However great the scholarship or inventive genius of the present epoch may become, there are traditions and institutions, "hallowed by long human usage," upon which "there is a golden increment of time," and of which mankind is not lightly to be despoiled. It is this fundamental truth which in large measure underlies the reasons why we hold so fastidiously to the observance of Christmas.

It is not only because of the far-off divine event which it commemorates that we look forward to Christmas, but also because of the invaluable associations which have come to cluster about it and for the goodwill which finds tangible expression in it.

The goodwill associated with the celebration of Christmas is something which has been recognized for centuries, and which has manifested itself in an infinite number of ways. However, there is one very disconcerting feature about it, and that is the apparent failure in many instances to realize that the Christmas spirit is not intended to evaporate as soon as the events which developed it have passed. What is needed is not goodwill of the kind that is expressed in "The Season's Best Wishes," but practical, everyday, matter-of-fact goodwill which is so cultivated and developed as to become part of our very nature. It was no light or airy goodwill which brought about the signing of the Locarno Treaties, and hopes for the future largely rest upon a more practical expression of the goodwill which everyone radiates at Christmas time. Although we have come to look upon the Christmas season as the time set apart for the expressing of goodwill, we must never overlook the fact that it would be a dull world indeed if the spirit which pervades it were to be limited to that season of the year.

There are already too many to whom, as to Scrooge, Christmas comes but once a year. Furthermore, there are many to whom the Christmas spirit is something which is to be found in stuffed turkeys or which bubbles over in large puddings. For persons of these categories it can only be prophesied that their contribution to the welfare of the world, and more particularly to the community or family group, of which they form a part, will be exceedingly meagre.

"But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time when it came around—apart from the venerations due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time." Probably no one has done so much to stress the festive side of the Christmas celebration as Charles Dickens, and yet no one appreciated more than he the necessity of maintaining that spirit of goodwill throughout the whole of life, so that the social order might be improved, and that the world as a unit might be a better place to live in.

But in spite of our manifold deficiencies in the way we disseminate this Christmas spirit, there never was a time in which it was so highly desirable that there should be no impairment of it. It counteracts the innumerable disintegrating social and political tendencies, and reminds us all, as probably nothing else can, of the necessity of universal atonement expressed in one large brotherhood. It is that spirit of friendliness, neighborliness and fairness which enables us to make an honest estimate of our fellow man, and which leads us to appreciate him for his true worth, as a man, in spite of the fact that he may be a business competitor.

It must always be borne in mind that true values are the only lasting ones, and that while circumstances may from time to time cause a considerable deviation from the normal, nevertheless there is bound to be an adjustment with its consequent re-establishment of real values.

But no matter how sincere and how consistent we may be in our advocacy of the Christmas spirit, if it is not intelligently directed it will count for little. Goodwill of the kind which is cultivated over foaming glasses will not go very far in the effecting of solutions for the many social, political and international problems, which confront us today. When Matthew Arnold described Shelley as "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," he also gave a most accurate description of those members of society who, while appreciating the importance of maintaining the Christmas spirit, fail to accomplish the end desired, simply because they lack the training necessary to examine and understand the problems of social and international welfare and to effect their satisfactory solution.

This is the challenge to the world today, and more particularly to those to whom the privilege of higher education has been extended, not only to promulgate the spirit of Christmas, but also to direct it toward the attainment of the ultimate goal of "peace on earth, goodwill toward men."

S. U. COUNCIL CAN NOW ENJOY XMAS

Meeting Transacted Much Business—Editor Gateway, Manager Imperial Debate Were Appointed

A great deal of important business was transacted at the meeting of the Students' Council held on Dec. 10th, at 8 p.m., in Room A135. Mr. Percy Davies was in the chair, and fifteen Council members were present.

A motion was passed giving the General House Committee full power henceforth to appoint the Fire Chief. Previously the appointment had to be made by Council. For 1925-26 the House Committee have appointed Mr. Ross Henderson.

Mr. Walter Herbert, retiring Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway, brought up the matter of a successor and recommended Mr. Wesley Oke, present associate editor. Mr. Oke was thereupon unanimously appointed to the position. A vote of thanks to Mr. Herbert for the very great and valuable services which he had rendered as Editor was carried with loud and hearty applause. The Gateway was also given permission to exceed its budget in order to publish the big Christmas issue. The matter of the Undergrad dance was brought up again, and Mr. Bruce Macdonald, President of the Senior Class, was called in to address the Council on the matter. Mr. Macdonald stated that, owing to certain misunderstandings and difficulties having arisen, the Senior Class Executive have decided to drop the Undergrad dance for this year. The Medical Club, therefore, will have the responsibility for the dance this session. Mr. Macdonald then asked for a recommendation from the Council to the Committee on Student Affairs that the Senior Class be allowed to hold an extra dance this year. This recommendation was carried unanimously by Council. The dance will be open to Seniors and their friends.

Mr. James Adam, Law, was appointed financial manager of the Imperial Debate, upon the recommendation of the Lit. As he has already been appointed as secretarial manager by the Debating Society, Mr. Adam will have full control and authority over all arrangements for the debate. He was also given authority to proceed with negotiations for the hiring of an auditorium for the debate. A letter from the University of Minnesota was read regarding a debate with Alberta. Minnesota proposes to send a three-man team to Alberta in March, 1926, on condition that Alberta reciprocate in 1927. The plan was approved by Council, and the Debating Society was given authority to proceed with preliminary financial arrangements.

The Men's Athletic Association was given permission to send a runner to the Calgary Herald Road Race at a cost of \$15. A representative committee of the Council was appointed to investigate our budget system and present their report to the Union meeting in January. An Amendment Committee was appointed to investigate and report on amendments to the constitution, including constitutions for the Rooters' Club and Social Directorate.

The Committee on the Graduating Class Pin presented its suggestion to Council. The meeting expressed its self as being in favor of the proposed design, but, on a division of 8 to 6, recommended that greenstones be substituted for pearls in the proposed pin. Council then adjourned at 10:12 p.m.

Merry Christmas

To all its Subscribers, Advertisers,
and other Friends, The Gateway
sends the Good Old Wish

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

HERE'S HOPING THE SEASON WILL
BRING YOU MANY KINDS OF
HAPPINESS

And don't forget to leave an opened tin
of salmon under the Christmas tree for
the cat.

A Christmas Message from the Advertising Department

Again the Advertising Department of The Gateway wishes to remind the students that it is the advertisers who make possible its financing. It is up to the student body to prove that an advertisement in The Gateway is a sound investment by patronizing Gateway approved stores. Do not be afraid to tell them you are from the University.

FIRST HOCKEY OF SEASON

Varsity will play Gainers, the new entry, in the first game of the season at the South Side Arena tomorrow night, at 8:15. Dr. Hardy and Bill Whitaker have groomed the Green and Gold cohorts into great shape for the first pair of points in the race for the city championship.



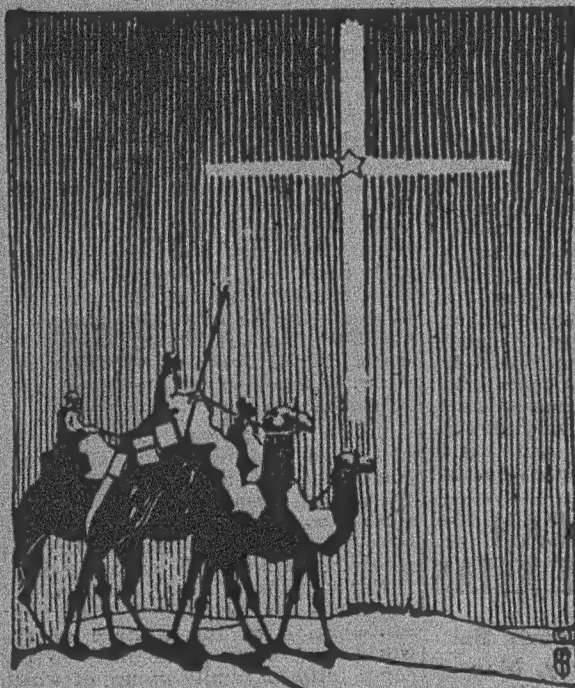


THE GATEWAY

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THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

The Christmas season—and with it, holidays, turkey dinners, gifts; lots of snow; parties and good times galore! But, best of all, there comes that wonderful spirit which is—unfortunately?—exclusively Christ-masey. It is quite a matter for marvel that, throughout the length and breadth of Christendom, at the very same time, men will make one united effort to be happy and to share their happiness with others. "Peace on earth; good-will"—possibly the order should be reversed; for we cannot hope for peace unless we go about our daily problems—individual or national—with a feeling of good-will toward those with whom we come into contact. So soon as men adopt the spirit of good-will—put aside their petty jealousies; cancel their hatreds—as the basis for all human dealings, then shall we have peace on earth. And so long as men are willing to sacrifice from time to time—to give here and take there—just so long shall our peace be lasting.

If the spirit of Christmas could be carried on throughout each twelve months, instead of being confined to a few short days each year; if old Santa Claus could be kept as a permanent resident of each community; if we all could share our spiritual gifts as freely and as happily as we will soon share our material gifts, life would be more delightful for all of us—the givers and the takers.

For university students in particular it is important that they realize and appreciate the marvel of that grand old man—Santa Claus. Surely no one will deny his existence! He is the spirit of love, and at Christmas-time comes to every heart and knocks. And to a man we fling wide-open our heart-doors and bid him enter. The university student is no better able to enter into the joyous spirit than is anyone else—but he is in a position where he can very fully realize the value of a tradition—such as that of Santa Claus—and embellish it and pass it on better and more beautiful to the next generation. In ten or fifteen years, the majority of present-day students will have homes and little ones of their own. And Christmas will be wonderful to them in a new way. There is nothing more beautiful or touching in this world than the glee and joy of children blessed by Santa Claus. And what can give more genuine satisfaction than the feeling of having helped make a child happy at Christmas? To see the children on Christmas morn, shouting, and prancing and laughing; feverishly excited, joyously happy, unable to contain themselves: all because Santa Claus has been around, is an object lesson for the cynic. Let us all unite in crying "Shame!" to the man who would shatter a little child's belief in Santa Claus.

In old Russia there is among the peasants a curious fable of a female Santa Claus. An old woman was busy scrubbing her little hut when the Magi came across the snowy steppes in search of the Child. The Wise Men inquired of her the way, but she was so busy that she gave them curt answers and no information. She did not even look up and see the strange caravan with its elephants and camels. Later, when her humble home was spotless-clean, she felt sorry for her rudeness and went in search of the travellers. But she was too late. And now, the peasants say, this old woman has become a wandering, loving spirit, who flits from house to house at Christmastide, peeping in all the cradles, hoping to find the Child. She has not found Him yet, they say, but she has a blessing and a little gift for all the good children she does find.

There is an historic tradition based on the character of the Bishop of Myra in Lycia, who lived in the reign of Diocletian. He loved to perform good deeds in secret. He saved the poor from shame, and the wayfarer from death, and even became the patron-saint of thieves, by the paradoxical method of inducing them to restore plunder. But he never accepted reward and always remained a mystery. He

was subsequently canonized as St. Nicholas. He later became known as the German "Kris Kringle," and waxed fat and jolly, and acquired a bright red coat and a team of jingling reindeer.

There are many traditions of our Santa Claus, but throughout them all is the one basic idea of love and compassion and good-will. The world is on the upgrade; for against the dull, uncertain background of world affairs, the fact shines out as a beacon, that the great nations have expressed a desire for peace on earth and good-will toward men. The World Court, the League of Nations and the Locarno Pact—these are Christmas presents in which we may all share and rejoice. But in addition to these outward manifestations, men must have—and will have—their hearts filled with the great, overwhelming spirit of love.

The spirit of Christmas is here. May everyone connected with this University think kindly thoughts, speak friendly words and do loving deeds, this happy season; and may the world be replete with loving Santa Clauses for little children.

BENITO MUSSOLINI

For those of us who are too young to clearly remember the days of Napoleon or of Cromwell or of Philip II, it is difficult to understand how a people could submit to the rule of a political dictator. Possibly it is the "super-democracy" of our time which makes us unappreciative of the possibilities of a despot. In the person of Benito Mussolini, however, we find evidence which leads us to believe that the history books speak truthfully.

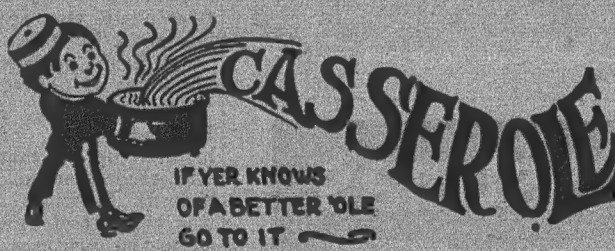
The man must be a marvellous personality. He is now responsible to no one but the King of Italy, and the responsibility is practically fictional. It would be more understandable to us if Mussolini were a beloved despot—but he is not. He is a man of iron, and his regime is a rule of force. And the fact that Italy—the womb of the Renaissance and the home of Cavour—has, in this enlightened age of 1925, submitted to the mailed-fist of the dominating Mussolini, justifies designating him as the outstanding political figure of our day.

THAT GRADUATING PIN

Shortly after the Christmas vacation the Students' Union will be called upon to select a design for a permanent graduation pin. No one will dispute the need for such a pin. In the past, every graduating class has adopted a different type of pin, with the result that there is now no distinctive mark for U. of A. graduates.

The new pin should be carefully chosen, so that its suitability will not be questioned in future years. The design should be in keeping with the high position of a university graduate. It should be quiet and dignified and free from gaudy colors, which frequently express undergraduate enthusiasm.

When a pin is chosen, let it be one that U. of A. graduates will be proud to wear, and not something of weird design or startling color scheme.



Dear Readers:

Your Casserole-romo is eking out this week's trash while suffering from some malady of the intake organ, the throat. Some of his intimate friends have made such suggestions as "it pays to pay a little more and get good stuff," or "if you mix it with lemons it won't scorch." As a matter of fact, Casserole-romo feels confident the huge lump in his throat is nothing other than a sandbar caused by drinking water as his sole beverage.

In realizing that a man's vocation undoubtedly affects his diction, we volunteer the following suggestions as to how different individuals would propose.

The Law Student—"Let us make a binding contract."

The Commerce Student—"Let us pool our resources and run a joint account."

The Science Student—"Let us bear life's stresses and strains together."

The Aggie—"Let us run in double harness."

The Arts Student—"Let us sip our tea and hike through life together."

(We regret to say we are unable to publish our conjecture as to the Med. student's proposal.)

Instructor, to Freshette: "Why don't you use a dictionary to improve your spelling?"

Freshette: "How can I find the words in the dictionary when I don't know how to spell them?"

"Messes from Essays" in English I.

"His own and precious wife was in the chamber next to the one in which lay the dead corpse flirting with another person."

"King Henry IV. wished to go to the Holy Land, but was delayed by internal disturbances."

"The fifteenth century woman is portrayed as decidedly effeminate."

"The author of Beowulf was not a Christian, but a converted Anglican."

"He attempted to abdicate his would-be bride."

"At present our prisons turn out a host of inefficient criminals. It ought to be our duty to make them efficient."

"At the tender age of twelve his father died."

Caught in History I: "Magna Carta provided that no British subject could be put in prison without his own consent."

Ian MacDonald: "With all the brains God gave, I can't see your point!"

Dr. McGibbon: "I'm afraid your argument is with God, not with me."

"As a hero I don't make a killin'."

Wailed handsome young Aubrey McMillan.

So with hair tonic and trash

He grew a moustache,

And said: "I'll see how I do as a villain."

GIFTS FOR MEN!

Make it a Christmas that will live long in his memory as far as all your gifts are concerned. This involves the difficult feat of securing just the right gift for every man on your list—when you haven't any idea what they want! The solution lies in learning those articles which practically every man likes and then working out a little process of selectivity with the personal and individual tastes of each in mind. Here we have listed those things which most please a man. Scan them carefully and we're sure you'll pick the perfect gifts.

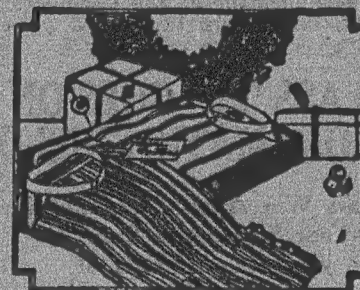
MEN'S WARM WOOL VESTS AT \$5.00 to \$8.50

There's nothing like a Knitted Wool Vest for a man who feels the cold or who spends most of his time outdoors. Of brushed and woven wool yarns, in plain shades, fancy mixtures and neat check patterns. Priced \$5.00 to \$8.50

MEN'S FINE GIFT SHIRTS AT

\$2.00 to \$6.00

English Broadcloth, Tricotelette, Madrases, Percales and other fine fabrics offer a wealth of choice as to pattern or color. Tailored and finished in a manner that assures correct fit and satisfaction. All sizes. Priced \$2.00 to \$6.00



MEN'S FORMAL DRESS SHIRTS

AT \$3.00 to \$4.50

Dress Shirts with plain, stiff bosom or the latest vogue with miniature pleats. Suspenders, or if you must be correct "braces," in all tints. Dress Bows, the kind you tie yourself and those already made. Every item is an aid to the man of social affairs. Priced \$3.00 to \$4.50

MEN'S WARM PYJAMAS AT

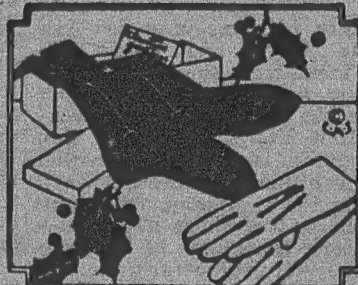
\$2.95 to \$5.00

Pyjamas of fine flannel and flannelette, the kind that keeps sleep comfortable in the bitter cold of the "Wee sma' hours." New patterns in madras, seersucker and novelty weaves. Silk ones, too, if you prefer something extra. All kinds, all colors, all sizes—convenient price range. At \$2.95 to \$5.00

MEN'S WARM GIFT SLIPPERS

AT \$1.00 to \$3.50 PAIR

For evening hours, to help him rest after the day's work, Slippers so comfortable and good-looking that he will enjoy wearing them. Heelless Slippers. Slippers with convertible tops that can be worn high or low. Travelling Slippers, in soft leathers, felts or quilted silks. All at very moderate prices. Priced \$1.00 to \$3.5



MEN'S GIFT MUFFLERS

At \$1.50 to \$4.50

Mufflers by virtue of their indispensableness are always a very acceptable gift. Rich, heavy silk Scarfs, most exquisite in patterns, as well as soft brushed wools in the widest possible selection—all very moderately priced. Priced \$1.50 to \$4.50



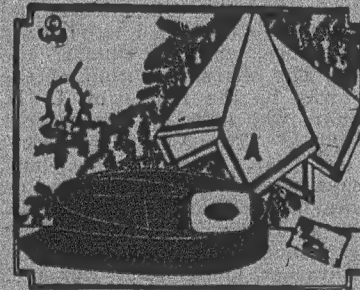
MEN'S GIFT NECKWEAR AT

75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50

A pleasing collection that relies on tasteful design and blending of colors for success. Silks from all over the world, fashioned into ties of rich beauty. Stripes, jacquards, moire, satin, knit ties—every sort of tie for every man's taste. Priced..... 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50

MEN'S GIFT HANDKER-CHIEFS, 25c to \$1.50 Each

Colored borders and colored and fancy initials in silk, linen, mercerized fabrics, etc., offer a range of choice that is unusually extensive. Handkerchiefs are always safe, always acceptable and always appreciated—especially such attractive ones as these. Priced at..... 25c to \$1.50



MEN'S FINE GIFT HOSIERY AT

75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50

With Low Shoes being worn so generally, a man's Hosiery takes on importance. Smart, plain, novelty ribbed or clocked Hosiery in silks, silk and wool mixtures and fine pure wools are offered here in a satisfying variety, at prices to fit every gift need. Priced 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50

MEN'S WARM GIFT GLOVES

At \$1.50 to \$4.50

Heavy Driving Gloves or Mitts for the motorist, lined and unlined. Smart kids, mochas and buckskins for street and travel wear, with plain or stitched backs and of a quality that will be appreciated and recognized by any man. Priced at..... \$1.50 to \$4.50

MEN'S SWEATER COATS AND

PULLOVERS AT \$4.95 to \$11.00

Big heavy Worsted All Wool Pullover and Coat Sweaters, with roll or shawl collars that are the essence of warmth and comfort. Beautiful in any one of the great variety of colors and combinations. Ideal for skating or curling. Priced at..... \$4.95 to \$11.00

MEN'S SKATING OUTFITS AT

\$5.45 to \$10.00

The hockey fan or skating devotee is an easy gift subject. No need to hesitate. Give him a Skating Outfit. Skating Outfits with Skates revitted on. At \$5.45 to \$10.00

JOHNSTONE - WALKER LIMITED



MIDNIGHT STEW TO THE CORDUROY KID

"I shay—hic—ol' man—hic—I'm wearing a—hic—belt now. I'll—hic—lend you my—hic—braces."

Mother Goose à la Freud.

Rock-a-bye, baby,
Oh your complex.
All your reactions
Are governed by sex.
When you are grown,
You'll undoubtedly fall,
And down will come virtue
And complex and all.

We feel confident the Seniors would have won the inter-year play if the corpse hadn't got the hiccups.

Applesauce

We claim Eve to be the first woman who ever ate a man out of house and home.

We will now sing, "Miss Dodds, put some ashes on the sidewalks, for some co-eds sure are slipping."

Obituary

Bruce Macdonald chanced to meet
Fred McDougall on the street.
They saw a nickel at their feet. . .
Will Scottish papers please repeat?

CORRESPONDENCE

Dec. 7, 1925.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—The interrogative nature of an editorial appearing in The Gateway recently affords me ample justification for what in any case would have been an irresistible impulse to reply. In reading the article in question I cannot help but feel the writer was totally oblivious of the true facts surrounding the case. Let me, therefore, endeavor to clear the "corridors" by examining the editorial piece-meal.

Part of it reads as follows:

"We realize that to carry out indoor drill nothing is more suitable than the corridors of the Arts Building or Convocation Hall. But is it necessary, parade after parade, to block the corridors with columns of soldiers vigorously practising shoulder arms. . . . Is it necessary to fill Convocation Hall in such regular fashion with marching files of soldiers? There exists . . . possession. These things might be overlooked if blizzard raged without, but on sunny, mild afternoons—again, why?"

I am afraid O.T.C. headquarters must first disagree with The Gateway's favorable comment on the suitability of Convocation Hall and the corridors for drill purposes. We feel it is most unsuitable, and that the men are training under a heavy handicap with such conditions existing.

Secondly, in regard to "columns of soldiers vigorously practising shoulder arms," I would point out that "shoulder arms" is a drill movement used only in rifle regiments. It has not been practised by the Unit this year, nor has it been during my five years' association with the Corps.

Thirdly, "is it necessary to fill Convocation Hall in such regular fashion with marching files of soldiers?" Assuming that this statement is correct, and that the hall is filled up regularly, etc., I would point out that arrangements have been made this year, as in past years, with the proper authorities, and the O.T.C. does not use the hall beyond the arrangements. Surely this is not "pre-suming," as your article suggests? It might also be remembered here that O.T.C. training is the equivalent of a recognized course on the University calendar, and many students are taking it as such.

However, the above lines have been written on the assumption that the Unit has been using Convocation Hall regularly, which is far from the truth. To date (Dec. 7th) parades have been held on but two occasions in Convocation Hall. This has been due to the construction of the Memorial organ, tests, and on other occasions when the Unit (although granted the Hall) paraded elsewhere that about one-half dozen members of the Dramatic Society might be accommodated.

And lastly, in regard to "but on sunny, mild afternoons—again, why?" Does the writer of the article not know that it is dark outside after 5:00 p.m., and the Unit parades from 4:30 to 6:00? Has it been overlooked, also, that the weather is very uncertain and changes on short notice?

The O.T.C. is at present endeavoring to train approximately three hundred men, and this of necessity entails plans of instruction several days in advance of actual parade. Imagine then the chaos resulting in having to make entirely new arrangements on short notice due to a sudden change in the weather.

There are several other items detracting to outdoor training at this time of the year which might also be mentioned, but I trust, sir, that these are sufficient to illustrate the inaccuracy of the editorial and at the same time justify the conditions under which the O.T.C. has carried on this fall.

Comparatively with other University Corps, the Alberta O.T.C. is training under the most difficult conditions. We are fully aware of these difficulties, not the least of which is "Indoor Drill" but can assure you that we resort to this only because we have no other alternative with such limited accommodation.

Thanking you in anticipation of your courtesy in bringing this reply to the attention of Gateway readers.

Respectfully yours,

P. G. DAVIES,

Captain and Adjutant,
U. of A., C.O.T.C.

"VARSITY NIGHT" AT CALGARY WILL BE HAPPY AFFAIR

Calgary Alumni Branch Has Arranged For Special U. of A. Get-Together on Dec. 29th At the Southern Village

All Calgary and many southern Alberta grads and students of the University of Alberta are expected to attend the annual holiday cabaret party of the Calgary branch of the Alumni Association, Tuesday, Dec. 29th, at the Hudson Bay Cafeteria, Calgary.

"Varsity Night" proved very popular last year when the alumni managed the affair for the first time, and more elaborate preparations are being made to assure that the 1925 celebration will be a greater success.

All the present University students are invited to attend with their friends. Although the dance is being held in a larger hall than last year, it is expected that it will be taxed to capacity. Reservations for tables should be made to the treasurer, James R. Davidson, Albertan Building, Calgary.

COLLEGE PAPERS ARE INTERESTING STUDY

Exchange Department Receives And Checks 'Em All

By the Exchange Editor

The exchange department should be a busy one. On our shelves we have no less than 33 publications from universities or preparatory colleges of both Canada and United States. Although we are interested in the views and activities of our sisters to the south, we are even more interested in those of our Canadian universities—and the exchange shelf of The Gateway is in receipt of 21 Canadian college papers—from colleges of every province in the Dominion except one.

Six separate papers bring us news of the activities of their Alma Mater in Ontario.

The Varsity is a lively paper published five days a week by the student organizations of Toronto University. This paper is to be commended for its brilliant support in the co-ordination of all students' projects, for its wit and its news.

The Queens Journal is a large weekly paper, which displays a lively interest in the fields of sport, a particular interest in the news of Queens and an encouraging interest in the editorial and Casserole columns of The Gateway.

The Canadian Student, published in Toronto, is a monthly magazine which looks after the S.C.M. interests of Canadian universities, and deals with many of our student spiritual problems.

The University of Toronto Monthly is an alumni magazine, similar to the Trail.

The Western U Gazette is a smart college paper from London, Ont.

The Wolf Howl, a splendid high school leaflet from Sudbury.

Two publications are received from Quebec.

The McGill Daily presents the news of McGill in a very interesting manner, and shows a splendid control of all student problems of McGill. This paper has thoughtful editorials, and a delightful interest in activities of other universities. We are looking forward to the appearance of their new literary magazine, "The Fortnightly Review."

Le Quartier Latin, another publication from Montreal, is to be particularly commended. It is written in French, and is one of the most serious of student publications in Canada.

Nova Scotia is well represented by three excellent college papers—The Dalhousie Gazette, a paper presenting the news in approved literary style; The Kings College Record, alive to the interests of its own sphere, and the Acadia Athenaeum, a literary magazine of high order.

The Brunswickian brings us news of the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, and The Argosy Weekly represents Mt. Allison University, Sackville.

The Western University publications are similar in form to The Gateway. Their papers are weekly sheets of usually four pages.

The Manitoban is to be congratulated on the makeup of their paper. Their news is good, their editorials to the point, and their interest unconfined.

The Sheaf writes up news chiefly of local interest to Saskatchewan University. Although this is the primary object of their paper, they could improve by enlarging their scope, and interesting their readers in the events of other universities.

The Ubysses of B.C. is one which is keenly alive to the activities of B.C. University. They show an interest in sport, and lively news, but lack an organized column for humor.

Other Western Canada publications whose exchanges we receive and enjoy are: The Managra, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg; The

Brandon College Quill; "Black and Gold," St. Johns College, Winnipeg; Western Canada Review, Calgary.

From the United States we receive many valuable exchange papers which are particularly interesting, as they present new points of view and varying types of student activities and interests.

One thing which has come to the attention of the department is the scope of the various college papers. So many of the student publications received are of particular interest only to the student with which they directly get in touch. Although the primary object of the paper is to present the news of its own sphere to those who are immediately interested, the value of the paper could be enhanced by reaching out and keeping in touch with other similar student organizations throughout the Dominion. One magazine, Vox Studentium, published in Geneva, Switzerland, on our shelf is even more ambitious than this, and seeks to establish a magazine which will be of national interest to students, and the copies which we have received so far have been successful in presenting common student problems of interest to students all over the world.

Although The Gateway prints interesting scraps from these papers which are of interest to the readers

of our paper, anyone who is particularly interested in any of these publications will find copies of them on the reading shelf of the men's common room in the Arts Building.

The Gateway Exchange Department takes this opportunity of acknowledging the exchange papers received, and to extend to all the papers the heartiest season's greeting and best success in their departments in the coming year.

United States Publications
Spectrum, Agricultural College, North Dakota.

Hornet, Furman University, Greenville, S.C.

Daily Californian, Berkeley, Calif.

Columbia Spectator, Columbia University, New York.

Purple and White, Millsaps College, Jackson, Min.

Panther, Delta H. S., Delta, Colo.

Spotlight, Custer City H. S., Miles City, Montana.

Verse, 1224 N. 19th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ohio Wesleyan Magazine, Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio.

Puget Sound Trail.

Weekly Exponent, Montana State College, Bozeman, Montana.

Vox Studentium, 18 Boulevard des Philosophes, Geneva, Switzerland.

CONFESSIONS OF A THEME SEEKER

By Jetsam

The other day my friend who lives in the garret, and whom I shall call the dramatist, said to me:

"How would you like to write a feature article for the Xmas number of The Gateway?"

"Fine. Can you give me an idea for it?"

Cogitating for a moment he spoke. "Why not write an article showing how one can be happy at Xmas when alone in the city and without money?"

"Why not with money?" I asked. "Humph! That's too easy."

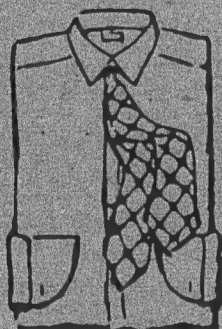
Just then his room-mate, the poet, who had up till now been silent, remarked as he closed the window: "How about a student's life at the University in 1925?" He arises at 6:00 a.m., attires himself in a short Grecian tunic and sandals, and sets out on a five-mile walk, winds up at the sumptuous baths, and after a plunge anoints himself with perfumes until he glistens. After a simple breakfast of cracked wheat porridge and skimmed milk he commences at 10 a.m. to study. Studies

till four, decides life is not worth living, and shoots himself."

"No," said the dramatist. "I have it! Two sparrows are sitting on a ridge pole. It is a cold chilly morning. One sparrow is of the perky type. The other is of the pessimistic type, with a complex for sparrows of the perky type. At this moment—"

A phone call interrupted him, and while he was answering the telephone I observed that I had absent-mindedly allowed my cigarette to burn a hole in the tablecloth. I had just covered the spot with a book, and resumed my composure when he returned. The poet in the meantime had been engaged in peeling potatoes. We were just going to continue the conversation when we heard a short, silvery gurgle outside the window, as if some feathered songster had rested there to tune his pipes. Then the song continued, and we sat motionless, breathless, until the last sound had ceased. Cautiously we approached the window, and peering out, discovered that the cork had come out of the claret bottle, which had been resting inverted upon the ledge. Realizing that there are times when one wishes to be alone with sorrow, I silently took leave of them, closing the door quietly behind me.

For The Yuletide!



SHIRTS

Ever a welcome gift because always a useful gift. Shirts chosen here are welcome indeed to the young man of good taste and style discrimination.

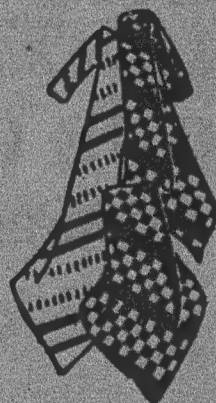


COLLEGIATE SUITS AND OVERCOATS

ALL THE snap and spirit of the Campus have been styled into these Suits and Overcoats.

WE HAVE stirred up a lot of enthusiasm within ourselves over our stock of Young Men's Clothing. We've certainly gathered a lot of masterpieces. The looms never served us finer fabrics. The tailors never plied more skilled needlework, and pattern designers have developed very unique and distinctive effects. Our selection is broad at

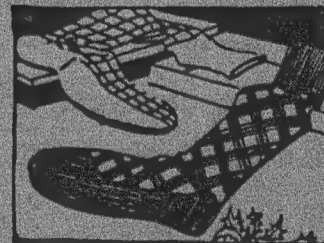
\$25 to \$45



NEWER TIES

Someone please page the college chap—for sure as you're born, this collection of Neckwear will draw sparks from him. The latest Collegiate Bars and fancy patterns.

\$1.00 to \$2.50



HOSIERY

With a "Kick"

There's a strong basic note running through this display, says: "We lead with the newest." This array of hose backs up the claim. Rich in color and patterns.

85c to \$1.50

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

TRIAL BALANCE

November 30th, 1925

	Dr.	Cr.
Bank of Montreal	\$1,511.68	
Athletics—		
Men's General		\$ 99.10
Women's General		12.00
Basketball, Men's		146.58
Basketball, Women's		287.10
Boxing and Wrestling		124.63
Court Students		3.50
Debating Society		140.00
Dramatic Society		65.00
Gateway		236.33
General Students' Union	1,867.42	
Glee Club		125.00
Hockey, Men's		360.87
Hockey, Women's		325.32
Interest Account		7.50
Literary Society, General		41.00
Orchestra		125.00
Rugby		285.00
Rooters		77.40
Soccer	48.40	
Track, Men's		121.27
Tennis, Men's		90
Tennis, Women's		19.49
Waulletta		203.58
Evergreen and Gold		17.06
	\$2,922.50	\$2,922.50

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Bank Reconciliation as at November

30th, 1925

Balance October 31st, 1925

Deposits to November 30th

Withdrawals

Balance as per Bank Statement

Less Outstanding

Charge on N.S.F. Cheque to be adjusted in December

E. B. WILSON,

Treasurer, Students' Union.

THE BOYS' SHOP

10339 JASPER AVENUE

SOPH. OFFICIALS HALED BEFORE STUDENTS' COURT

Irregularity of Sophomore Court
Resulted in Penalties for Class
President and Magistrate

TRIALS LAST FOUR HOURS

The long series of charges of the Students' Union vs. various members of the Sophomore class, concerning the legality of holding the Sophomore Court on the evening of the 26th November, came before the Students' Court during the afternoon and evening of December 9th. Messrs. N. Primrose and C. Campbell acted for the Union, and Messrs. B. MacDonald and W. Herbert were counsel for the defence. The findings of the court clearly established:

(1) The failure of the Students' Court to make any one person definitely responsible, under sec. XII, subs. 6, of "The Students' Court Act," for the obtaining of the decision of a judge of the Students' Court as to the nature of charges about to be brought before the Sophomore Court, and

(2) That any student who knowingly neglects the duties of the office which he holds, despite the success of ventures so undertaken, is guilty of conduct detrimental to the best interests of the student body, and is, in accordance with sec. I, subs. 8, of "The Students' Code," to be dealt with at the discretion of Court.

Six Separate Charges

The cases before the Court were as follows:

Charge 1.—Under sec. I, subs. 3, of "The Students' Code," the accused was charged with having accepted the position of Clerk of the Sophomore Court and failing to fulfil the duties pertaining thereto, viz.: that he did, previous to the holding of the Sophomore Court, issue a summons to a Freshman without having formally applied to a judge of the Students' Court, as stipulated by sec. XII, subs. 6, of "The Students' Court Act." The Union produced as evidence the affi-

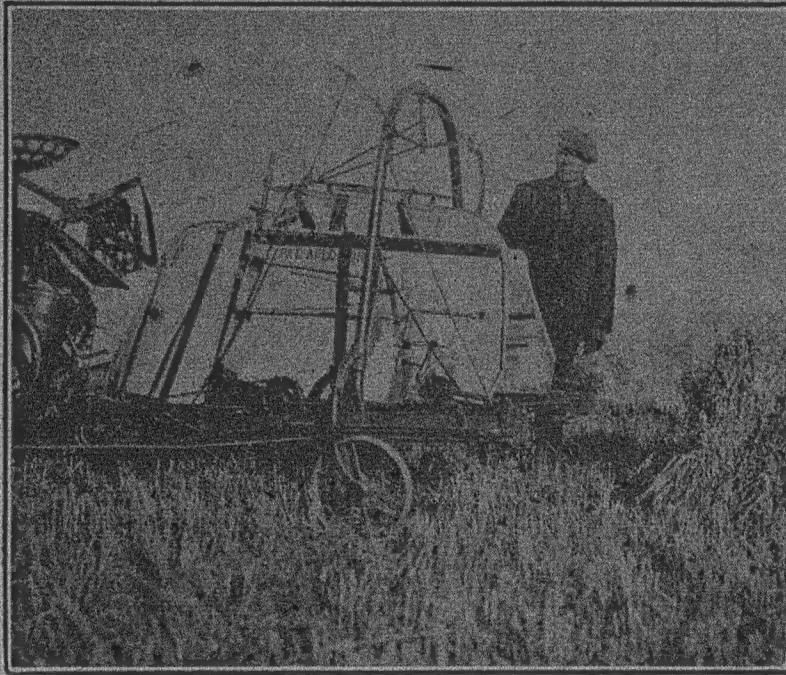
dvits of three judges of the Students' Court, to the effect that they had not been approached by the accused in regard to this matter; and also a record of the case in question. The defence pointed out that the clerk was considered a ministerial official of any court, and would therefore issue the summons, not upon his own initiative, but upon the order of someone else—indeed, if an analogy were to be drawn from procedure in the Students' Court, upon the order of the Prosecutor of the Sophomore Court. Moreover, there was certainly nothing in the constitution to indicate that it had been the duty of the accused to approach a judge of the Students' Court on the matter. The charge was dismissed, as the Court felt that the accused had been under no obligation in the matter, and had acted in good faith throughout.

Charge 2.—The Students' Union vs. the Sophomore magistrate, brought under the same clause, charging the accused with having failed in his accepted position as Magistrate of the Sophomore Court, in that he tried and sentenced a Freshman on a charge, the nature of which had not been decided upon by a judge of the Students' Court. The Union produced the same affidavits, etc., as evidence. The object, Mr. Campbell said, of this charge, as of Charge 1, was not to deprive any official of his position, but to obtain a ruling of the Court as to whose duty it had been to approach a judge of the higher court. The defence lamented that his client had suffered the indignity of a summons, merely that he might be experimented upon. There was nothing in the constitution placing this duty upon the accused as magistrate of the Sophomore Court. Case dismissed.

Charge 3.—The Students' Union vs. the Sophomore Magistrate, charging that he, knowingly, conducted the Sophomore Court in the same case contrary to sec. XII, subs. 6 of "The Students' Court Act," and was, therefore, liable by sec. I, subs. 3, of "The Students' Code," to deprivation of his position as magistrate of the Sophomore Court. Witnesses: Fraser, Askin, D. P. MacDonald and Adam.

(Continued on Page 11.)

BOYCHUK BROS.' AUTOMATIC STOOKER



NEW STOOKING DEVICE WILL SAVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS FOR FARMERS

Boychuk Brothers Have Invented Practical Machine After Many Others Have Failed

The invention of a practical automatic stooker will greatly simplify our harvesting methods. The need of a mechanical stooker was felt as long ago as the days when our fathers were pioneering, and the need is still felt. As a consequence mechanical engineers have been striving for nearly two decades to devise an attachment for the binder that would eliminate the necessity of stooking by hand, and to accomplish this end many machines have been patented. However, the majority of them have been found to be too cumbersome or inefficient. Many of our engineers lost interest in the work, but the need for such a stooker was being keenly felt by farmers all over the country. Two of our young inventors, however, did not lose interest, and were able to produce a stooker that is proclaimed by prominent mechanical experts to be by far the best machine of its kind.

The photo accompanying this article shows a side view of the stooker ready for operation. Standing near a stook perfectly set up by the machine is one of the two inventors, Nicholas and John Boychuk. The Boychuks, who have never attended school more than a few days at the most, have accomplished something attempted by skilled mechanics for years. The inventors are of Russian parentage, and live with their father on his farm near Shandro, Alberta. They have been engaged with the problem of automatic stookers since 1921.

The general appearance of the machine gives one the impression that it is very complicated. However, on close examination it will be found that it is simpler than at first supposed. A front view of the machine in operation gives a good conception of the principles of its mechanism. Pans to receive the sheaves from the knoter are attached to an upright reel. The sheaves are carried around and dropped upright on a platform between two sloping walls. These walls keep the sheaves in position until the stook is formed. When the stook is formed the platform collapses and the stook drops down. The walls drop down with the stook, holding it in proper shape. Just as the stook hits the ground the walls move apart, and are pulled back into their position above the platform. The stook in being set does not change its relative upright position. The stooker handles the sheaves as quickly as they can be released from the binder. The stooker attachment weighs approximately seven hundred pounds, and is about sufficient to overcome the side draft in the binder.

University engineers express the opinion that the underlying principle of this stooker is sound, and with a few mechanical improvements will unquestionably be the premier automatic stooker on the market. When it is accessible to agriculturists it will be instrumental in saving millions of dollars annually through its labour-saving value.

NO NEED TO PAY S. U. OFFICIALS

Ags. Returned Winners Over
Law—Debated a Live
Issue

"That the more important officers of the Students' Union should be granted monetary honoraria for their services" was the resolution gallantly defended by the Law team, which went down to defeat at the hands of the Aggies, when the semi-final of the Interfaculty Debating League schedule was contested on the afternoon of Tuesday, Dec. 8.

The first speaker of the affirmative, J. Adam gave a careful definition of "honoraria" as an honorary services, but in no sense an adequate compensation for the time given in the rendering of those services. The affirmative, he said, did not advocate the paying of a salary to these officials, but merely the granting to them of a monetary token of recognition, the amount to be in accordance with the surplus from the Students' Union budgets. Mr. Adam also pointed out that members of clubs could, by distinguishing themselves in their particular clubs, win A's. Was it not fitting that those holding major positions in the Students' Union should also receive something more than a short-lived popularity through their success, or a lasting censure, on account of something beyond their power to avoid? Monetary honoraria, he said, would be a fitting and convenient token of the appreciation of the student body.

Ted Brunsten, leading for the negative, pointed out that the affirmative must show that the present system was unsatisfactory either in that the student officials were dissatisfied with their condition, or that the students did not approve their officials, or, again, that there was mutual dissatisfaction. A man wanted office for one of three reasons, said Mr. Brunsten: to gain experience in executive work, to gain popularity and to stand in the limelight, or, lastly, to serve his University. This last was the most noble cause. Things at present were satisfactory. Why, then, change to a form that would make the students mercenary and thus diminish the true spirit of "Quaecumque Vera."

R. Martland, in support of the resolution, stated that some form of reward was necessary to bring out the best men for the position. No amount of administrative experience could compensate a student for the loss of his year. Other universities had systems of paying their officials, e.g., Toronto, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, who pay their editors and business managers. President Levy had commended the principle of paying the Students' Union accountant, and Mr. Cormack, last year's central check, had wondered why the treasurer, whose tasks were no less onerous than his own, should not receive pay. Honoraria, Mr. Martland said, would be preferable to salaries, as they would be awarded only to men who had filled their positions well.

Mr. Anderson, who closed the case for the negative, spoke reminiscently of Mr. C. Campbell's "cut the budget" speech, and pointed out that the Students' Union was in no position to add further expenditures to itself. The Memorial fund was not yet completed, and the skating rink fund was scarce begun. Furthermore, many incidents had shown that the students strenuously objected to any further per capita taxation. Again, who was to decide who were the more important officials? One hundred and seven officials were more important than the five least important. What did the affirmative propose for this?

The judges were Mr. D. B. Cameron, Miss W. Gilhooly and Don McKenzie. Mr. Cameron, acting as chairman of the committee, gave an interesting and constructive criticism, commending all four debaters, and awarding the decision by a small margin to the negative.

PHARMACY CLUB BANQUET WAS A HOWLING SUCCESS

Annual Function Proved "Best
Ever"—Special Features
Went Over Big

PRESIDENT C. PH. A. SPOKE

When George Fraser called for the Pharmacy yell in the banquet room of the Macdonald Hotel on Thursday evening, December 3rd, the third annual banquet of the Pharmacy Club of the University of Alberta was brought to a very successful close, and the sixty-five odd guests departed well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

After the toast to the King by Toastmaster Professor Dunn, a menu of selected patents and proprieties were devoured with great relish. Some of the more outstanding of these were: Lydia's famous compound, Shae wafers, Wampole's Cod Liver Oil, Carter's Little Liver Pills and delicious Beef, Iron and Wine.

Mr. Bert Groves, president of the club, proposed the toast to the Faculty, touching on the high qualities of the teaching staff. This was responded to by Prof. Dunn. The toast to the Profession was proposed by Mr. Matthews and replied to by Mr. Harper, of National Drug. Both speakers dealt ably with the need of impressing the public that "your druggist is more than a merchant."

Mr. Harrison, during the evening, called upon the visitors at the function to join him in a toast to the students. Mr. Cuttle responded, pointing out the close co-operation and good fellowship among members of the Pharmacy Club.

In addition to the toast list, Mr. Harrison, president of the C. Ph. A., gave a very interesting talk of the aims and the work of the Dominion Association. Mr. Heath outlined, in his address, the progress made toward establishing the P.A.T.A. in this

EVOUTION

The following piece of news will undoubtedly come as a great surprise to the majority of students at this University. It is dated at Joliet, Tennessee, and is an aftermath of the famous evolution trial at Dayton, Ohio, when John T. Scopes, a Dayton high school teacher, was charged with violating a Tennessee state statute, which forbade the teaching of anything in the schools of that state which denied, or implied a denial of, the divine creation of man.

The news item from Tennessee is as follows: "Inspired to action by sermons of the Rev. Dr. Carlyle B. Haynes, New York City, and Professor J. F. Simons, of Washington, D.C., evangelists, holding a revival at Southern Junior College here, students of that institution took evolution into their own hands, and burned it at the stake."

"At the close of chapel services, the entire student body, men and women, searched the dormitories, gathered all text-books on the subject, and heaped them in one big pile on the campus. Not satisfied, the evangelists urged still further, and before the campaign had ended all most everything modern had gone up in flames."

"Lip-sticks, rouge, novels, questionable pictures, jazz music, cigarettes—all sent their fiery fumes heavenward, and the campus was declared clean."

"The students avowed their intention to 'do better'."

country since the visit of Sir Wm. Glynn Jones a year ago. He stated that the P.A.T.A. would become a reality in the near future. Messrs. Peacock, Lines, Merrick and Gregory briefly touched on the drug profession from different angles.

After the singing of the National Anthem, the Varsity and Pharmacy yells were given, and the guests departed with many regrets that a whole year would elapse before it was repeated.

THE CAPITOL
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Barber Shop
Phone 4744 10132 Jasper Ave.

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TWENTY-SEVEN DOLLARS!
That's all you need to pay for good clothes
—made to your measure.

WHY PAY MORE?

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IDEAL GIFT
IS



REDUCED FROM \$640.00 TO \$595.00

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEW ORTHOPHONIC VICTOR?

VICTOR RECORDS AND PLAYER ROLLS MAKE ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS
VISIT OUR STORE AND MAKE YOUR SELECTION NOW

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HEINTZMAN HALL

Piano Dept. Phone 1621.

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10139 JASPER AVENUE

W. J. DAVIS, Manager.

THE MYSTERY OF JOHN JASPER

By H. R. Leaver

\$1.00

CUSHION COVERS, in University colors.

Each

75c to \$1.75

VARSITY PENNANTS galore.

75c to \$1.75

LOVELY NEW WHITE COAT SWEATERS

trimmed green and gold, raglan sleeves. Each \$10.00

A SET OF DICKENS, 18 VOLS.

In three-quarter leather, with numerous cuts in half-tone, University Edition. A snap

\$20.00

Why not give the renewal for your magazine to

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

GREETING OF LOUIS' WAFFLE SHOP

They make the ideal lunch. Practice makes perfect—Louis has made Waffles for years.
10114 101st STREET

Your Pleasure for the Holiday Season is
Guaranteed at

SUNNYDALE
with Music that Charms

For a few hours' relaxation in the evening there is nothing like the dance and the charm of dance music to banish dull care.

DANCE

Every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and
Saturday Evening.

Enjoy the higher standards of assembly dances that
prevail at Sunnydale's.

SUNNYDALE DANCING PAVILION

102nd Street.

Just Below the Hill.

"RED"

FORMERLY OF VARSITY TUCK, NOW OF

DOLLAR CAB COMPANY

Solicits Your Patronage.

No Signs or Names on Our Cars

5566

PHONE

5566

The Inter-Year Plays - A Critique

By GEOFFREY RIDDEHOUGH

There are several ways of judging an artist's performance. The first is the stern application of the adult standard, a method that considers only what the artist has actually accomplished. The second, more compassionate, takes less account of this and more account of the praiseworthy ambition that led the artist to attempt what the result proved was far beyond his powers. The first method considers the result; the second, the difficulty of achievement.

It was obvious that the judges of the inter-year plays were guided by the second of these principles when they awarded their decision to the Junior class. "The Artist" was indeed a difficult play to act, and the inevitable failure scarcely discredits the actors. Nevertheless, the decision puzzles one. Can anyone in the audience truly say that for one instant he saw a group of Russian men and women, and not five Canadian undergraduates reciting from memory the words of a poor adaptation of a Chekhov story?

To begin with—the scenery itself scarcely added to the illusion. The crude setting, so very obviously stagey, intruded itself upon one's attention, however one strove to use one's imagination and to meet the players half-way. When Nicov directs attention to the falling leaves, better far that there should be no scenery at all than the paint-smearing abortions with which no imagination can deal.

Truly, acting could not be other than difficult against such a background. Miss M. Thresher's presentation of the Mother, the timid old lady dominated by her daughter, did her credit. Miss Jose McCallum, the strong-minded girl, was not altogether convincing. She did not suggest the practical intolerant social worker, and her cutting remarks lacked the malevolence of the well-meaning. Moreover, her slight stature put her at a disadvantage, especially when she stood beside Miss Owen. The latter's chief shortcoming was that she did not realize sufficiently the emotional element of her role. Genya, to be effective, should be rather more than an attractive child. The minor role of Byelkurov was fairly well sustained by Mr. Edmonds, who understood its fawning complacency. The really trying part of the Artist demanded more of Mr. Hyndman, perhaps, than could be fairly expected, for the disproportionate amount of speech required of him made the play an awkward one for all concerned. He had but little control of emphasis, with the result that his impassioned harangue savoured too much of the soapbox.

These, then, were the difficulties. But should those who fall behind on the course be justified because they choose to carry an avoidable burden? The selection of this play was much more to be criticised than the shortcomings of the five undergraduates who had to make the best of a bad business.

More favourable comment could be made of the Senior play, "The Second Lie," and on the laudable attempt to show the work of a Canadian author. This is essentially a one-man play, depending on the part of Martin Seton, whose mind is so warped by disease and jealousy that even in taking his own life he seeks to accomplish the ruin of his wife's happiness. So pathological a creature is difficult to imagine, and so Mr. J. O. C. Kirby deserves commendation. He did not overdo the villainy of the role, though it must be admitted that he appeared a little too conscious of it, and of the audience. Martin's death would have been better if the actor, in spite of stage difficulties, had kept to the directions as Mrs. Mackay wrote them. The taking of the deadly capsule and the convulsive dive for the armchair appealed to the mirth of some of the audience, and one can hardly blame them.

In this play, too, much is demanded of the heroine. It was not always easy, in watching Miss McQueen acting, to say whether her passivity was intended or whether she was merely colourless. Her words were hard to follow because of her faint and hurried utterance. In showing emotion she was limited to "O!" and an attempt to swallow the back of her hand. As for her make-up, it had been applied widely but not well. Moreover, her costume seemed far too stylish for the role.

Mr. MacKenzie, as Eddie, was fairly good, though he did not quite strike the note of light-hearted youth in a house of tragedy. Neither did Miss Kitley, who took the part of Carrie. Her mode of walking was just a little too much of a roll. The Doctor, played by Mr. S. G. Macdonald, was fair. Of course, this role is under disadvantage, in being introduced only at the very end of the play, when events have conspired to dwarf what might have been a more striking part. Mr. W. Oke, as the Constable, was scarcely happy in his attempt to speak in a Cockney accent, which did little beyond making him almost impossible to understand. He provided the comic relief which is apparently intended by the author, but which, coupled with the taking of the capsules, came near to destroying the tragic effect altogether.

The other plays were less guilty

of that sin by which fall the angels. The Freshman production, "Cooks and Cardinals," is admittedly a farce, but a pleasant one withal. Miss Alta Magoon made a very charming Kathleen, and passed with credit the ordeal of tears. Mr. J. Woods, as Teddy, proved more successful than he might have been in a more graceful role; he gave a good representation of the ardent but perplexed lover.

Few of those acting in the whole four plays were more satisfactory than Miss W. Gilhooly, whose very costume was a triumph. Besides a good Hibernian accent, she possessed the none too common power to catch the spirit of an unattractive part, and gave an excellent display of ferocity towards the timid little French chef. This latter role was ably sustained by Mr. H. Newcombe. Another male part, that of Father Anselm, was well played by Mr. T. B. Tivey, though he suggested the Anglican priest rather than the Roman. Mr. Tivey's voice is suave and refined, and should prove a great asset to him in dramatic work. As for the other ecclesiastical role, that of the Cardinal, it must be admitted that Mr. M. Halton was not altogether fitted for it. The Cardinal is supposed to be slight in build, it is true, but he is also supposed to be a prince of the Church, and this Mr. Halton did not show the audience. Even in his most crushing rebukes of his rebellious cook, Youth was all too apparent.

It might fairly be said of the Sophomore play that the humor is lacking in subtlety and refinement. However, the action of "The Mayor and the Manicure" is so clear and the dramatic irony so evident that the audience felt better pleased with it than with more ambitious attempts. In spite of a troublesome lock of hair, Mr. Ian Oliver acted well the shrewd and masterful politician. His words off stage at the very beginning were almost indistinguishable, but he soon made up for this slight failure. Miss Aylesworth was very successful as the manicure adventuress, who cheerfully admits defeat as soon as she recognises it. Her costume was excellent—showy, but not too much of a burlesque. Miss F. MacMillan, as Ruth, was, especially at the beginning, rather too expressionless. Later, her acting was much better, as when she gleefully explained, too late, to the manicure the secret of the dummy telephone.

A general criticism of the plays must perforce remind the actors of the need for clearer, slower enunciation and for proper pause-effect. The latter is especially needed in comedy, where the laughter of the audience may drown words that too closely follow the sally. But a more vital point than these matters of delivery is the question of play selection. What means were taken to assure variety and dramatic fitness in these plays?

Lastly, there is the attitude of the student audience. It is absolutely necessary that organized buffoonery be associated with the inter-year plays. The noise of the audience did not spare even the orchestra, whose finer shades of tone were lost in a scarcely-suppressed hum of voices. And to one, at least, it was unfortunate that the actors should have to attempt the creation of the dramatic illusion between wild bursts of uproar. "My audience left the theatre in a body," said the Roman playwright, "to attend a wild animal show." If the audience at the inter-year plays desired such barbaric relief from anything so over-civilised as a dramatic performance, it was able to obtain solace on the spot.

LAWYERS' BANQUET A GREAT SUCCESS

Distinguished Visitors — Prof. Weir Enthusiastically Received

The committee in charge of the annual banquet of the Law Club, which was held at the Macdonald on Saturday evening, December 5th, are to be congratulated on achieving a signal success. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor was among the distinguished guests, the Bench being represented by Mr. Justice Hyndman and His Honor Judge Taylor. The representatives of the Bar included numerous well-known lawyers of the province, while the University was represented by President Tory and the members of the Faculty of Law.

After the guests had done full justice to an excellent dinner, the President of the Club, Bruce Macdonald, as toastmaster for the evening, proposed the toast to "The King," which was honored in the customary manner. Mr. Macdonald then called on Clarence Campbell, the Rhodes scholar for 1925, who proposed the toast to "The Province."

His Honor was accorded a rousing greeting on rising to reply. After complimenting Mr. Campbell on his success, he referred warmly to the pleasure he had in meeting the members of the Bench and the Bar and the students of the University Law Club on this occasion.

The President then called on Walter Herbert, who, in a speech which Mr. Smith later described as "the most polished proposal of a toast that he had heard," proposed the toast to "The Bench." Mr. Justice Hyndman, in replying, regretted the absence of the Chief Justice, who was unable to attend, and who, it was hoped, would have replied to the toast.

Mr. Macdonald then called on His Honor Judge Taylor, who regaled the audience with several amusing anecdotes.

The next toast to "The University," was proposed by Percy Davies, President of the Students' Union.

Dr. Tory, on rising to reply, was greeted with prolonged applause and the ringing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The next item was a song by Mr.

NEW EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



WESLEY OKE NEW EDITOR GATEWAY

Staff Changes at Christmas—Jack Marshall New Associate Editor

With the publication of this issue of The Gateway, the term of office of the present Editor-in-Chief, Walter B. Herbert, B.A., comes to an end. The Undergraduate Publications Act provides that a new editor shall take over the paper at the beginning of each calendar year. Mr. Wesley Oke has been appointed to fill the position of Editor-in-Chief for next year. Mr. Oke has had wide experience in Gateway work, and has fully earned the promotion which has placed him in charge of the paper. He was Managing Editor last year, and is at present filling the position of Associate Editor in a very capable manner.

Mr. Jack Marshall will be the Associate Editor after Christmas. Several other promotions will take place in the staff, and announcement of these will be made in the first issue of 1926.

DR. BRUCE TAYLOR DELIGHTS HEARERS

President of Queens' Visit and Address Much Appreciated By All

On Thursday night the resident students of the University of Alberta were honored by the visit of the President of a great Canadian University for the second time, when Dr. Bruce Taylor, President of Queens University, was their guest at dinner.

Dr. Taylor came west as far as Winnipeg to attend a conference of the St. Andrew's Society. While there he decided to visit old friends in Edmonton. He paid our University a visit, which, as the visit of Sir Arthur Currie undoubtedly did, will do much towards establishing a warmer feeling of fraternity among our Canadian universities.

Dr. Taylor's after-dinner speech was probably the most entertaining ever given at this University. His speech was different from the usual type, and it kept his hearers in an uproar of laughter from beginning to end.

The defeat of the Queens team, which had held the Canadian championship for four years, in the Canadian rugby finals by Ottawa, was a good thing, Dr. Taylor said. The Queens team had held it long enough, he declared, but expressed his regret that, as the team would be breaking up this year, they could not have held the championship to the end. The team was one of the finest groups of men that could be found — good students as well as good sportsmen. The speaker said that Queens was not finished as a force in Canadian rugby by any means.

The present team was never worried by the prevalence of rumors to the effect that some of its members were at the university to play football, as the record of the team proved the absurdity of that. Sadeley was one of the finest students in engineering, Thomas made a great success in commerce, and "Red" McKelvey will probably be first in medicine.

Dr. Taylor gave his hearers food for laughter for the remainder of the term, but space will not permit to reproduce it here.

Led by Jack Marshall, the students showed their appreciation of Dr. Taylor's comradely spirit by an enthusiastic rendition of the Varsity yell. Not to be outdone, Dr. Taylor, Dr. McEachern and other ex-Queensmen present, replied by giving the Queens University yell, which was received by the students with hearty applause.

Chas. Sansbury, which was greatly appreciated.

Bob Harrison, in a witty speech, then proposed the toast to "The Bar." H. B. Milner, K.C., a Benchman and a past president of the Bar Association, in a sparkling reply, made an amusing forecast of conditions in the profession when all these "learned" students should be admitted.

The last toast of the evening, to "The Faculty," was then proposed by J. Saucier. Professor Weir, in his reply, declared that though the University Law Faculty had only been organized for five years, it had already produced satisfying results. Mr. W. Dixon-Craig, as a member of the Faculty, was later called on by the toastmaster, and his remarks were much appreciated.

The climax of the evening was the address by H. L. Smith, K.C., of Calgary. Mr. Smith's speech, in his usual fluent and graceful style, scintillated with wit and humor, and at the same time contained an encouraging and inspiring message to the students.

CENTRAL EDMONTON CAN BE BEAUTIFIED

French Club Hears City Problems Discussed at First Hand

Is the central part of Edmonton to be beautiful, well planned and impressive, or is it to be allowed to just grow—Topsy-like?

This interesting problem was discussed by Mr. Lionel Gibbs at the French Club on Wednesday. Mr. Gibbs understands the city problems thoroughly, as he has been a member of the Council for some time.

One of the striking differences between the cities of the old world and the new, the speaker said, was that the former are beautifully and artistically planned, while the latter have been built with an eye to industry and commerce only. A plan was first made for the "City Beautiful" fourteen years ago. About that time, however, the city was exploited by speculators, and it would have cost an enormous sum to buy the necessary property in the centre of the city. Fortunately, since then, the speculators have gone to California, Florida and other hotter regions, so the land may now be easily acquired.

After being elected to the Council, Mr. Gibbs was asked to make another plan, taking into consideration present conditions. This plan, drawn after careful consultation with several architects, was explained by means of an excellent chart. The area under consideration is bounded by the Court House, the Post Office, Namayo Avenue and the new C.N.R. station site. In the central part should be the future town hall, with approaches from four sides, following an artistic principle too often neglected. North of the civic gardens would be a police station, which Mr. Gibbs thought should be made as comfortable as possible. North of that a music hall and museum — if anyone ever has enough money to build them. The market square

would remain where it is, but could also be utilized for a parking area.

The city already owns a great deal of this property, and could obtain the rest at small cost by exchange of lands as provided for by the "Town Planning Act." If this plan is not definitely accepted now, it will soon be too late, for once a permanent building is erected in this area the project is ruined. Mr. Gibbs concluded by hoping that the plan would become a reality, and that Edmonton would have a town square which would be something—the pride of her citizens and the joy of visitors.

In thanking the speaker, Mr. Pelluet commended the plan, but suggested that the best way to beautify the city at present would be to teach the children to respect the trees and wild animals, to improve the right river bank, and to choose less hideous Christmas decorations.

MR. RACE CONVALESCING

Members of the student body will be very sorry to hear that the University will be without the services of Mr. C. E. Race, Registrar, for the remainder of this session.

Mr. Race left on Thanksgiving Day for Victoria, where he will spend the winter convalescing after his recent illness. Twenty-one years of continual service for the University and its affiliated colleges has caused Mr. Race to become seriously "run down." It is sincerely hoped, however, after his well-earned holiday at Victoria, Mr. Race will be in perfect health to resume his duties next fall. Mr. S. C. Stephens is acting registrar in Mr. Race's absence.

UNIVERSITY SERVICE

The first service of the New Year will be held in Convocation Hall, Sunday, January 10, at 11 a.m. President Tory will give the address. Mr. Nichols will be at the organ, for the first time in his capacity as official organist of the University.

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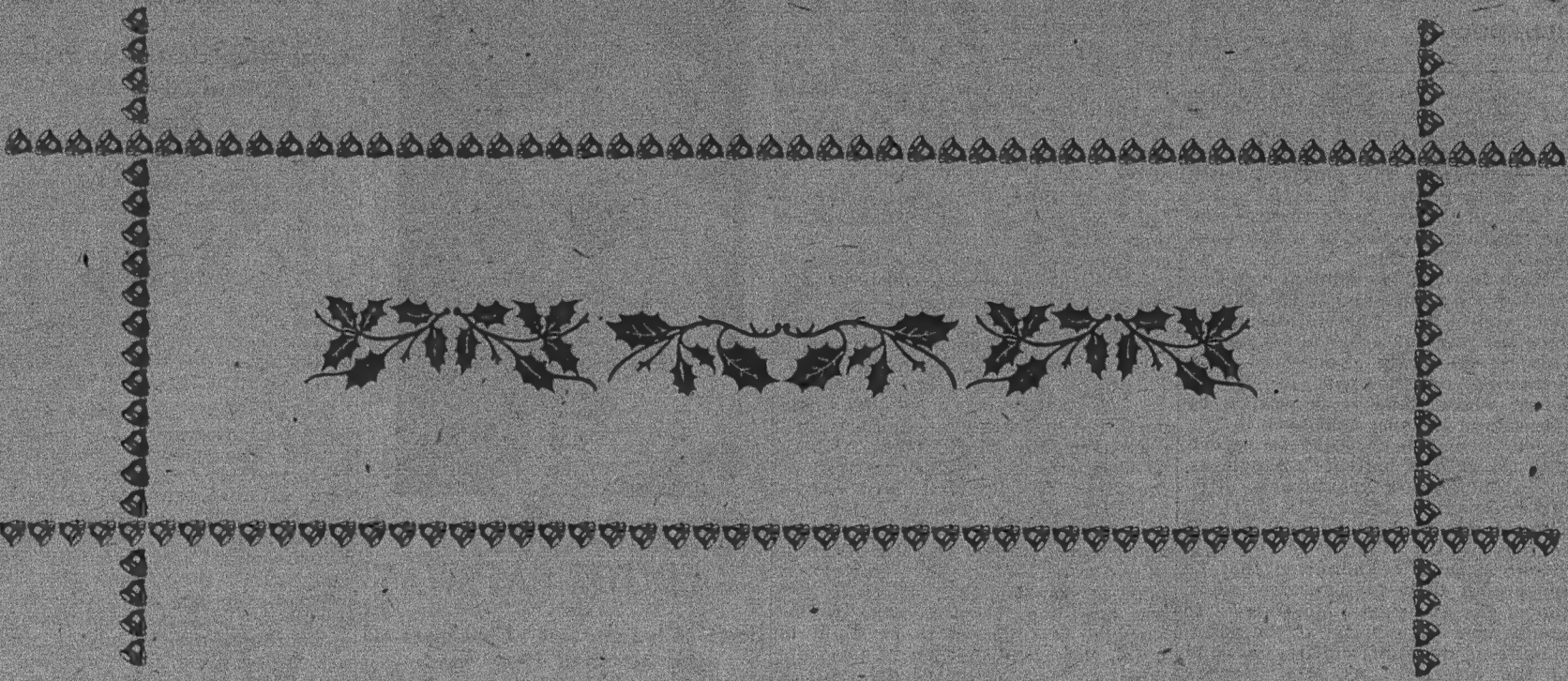
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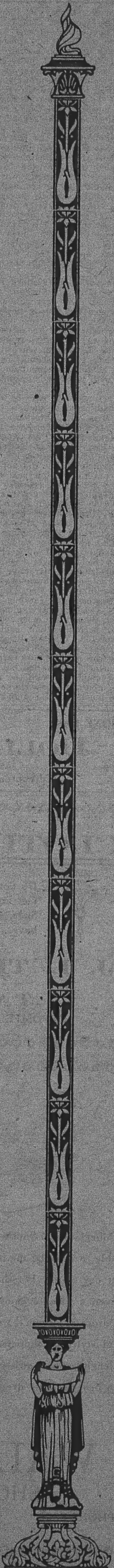
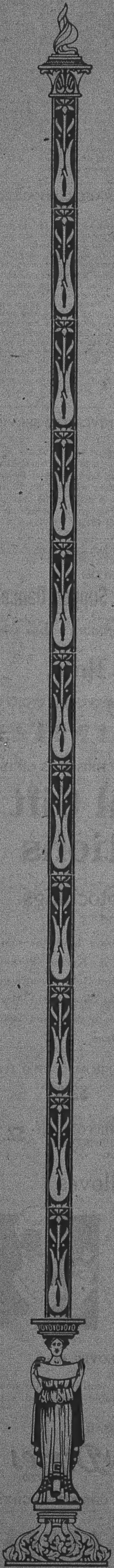
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Professor Sandwell Writes About Christmas Shopping

Professor B. K. Sandwell, who at one time was professor in the Department of Economics at McGill, has the following, entitled, "December Afternoon in a Book Store" in the first issue of the new Literary Section of "The Saturday Night."

"O, Mrs. Miniver, I'm so glad to see you. You're so literary since you took that course on Browning that the Women's Club had and I couldn't go—you remember, little Amy was teething. And you can help me buy a good, a really good novel for Jim. I always put a book on top of his cigars and neckties and things—I think one owes that much to literature at Christmas, don't you?"

"But it's so terribly difficult to know what to get, and dear Mr. Shells here is not always quite reliable. You know what I mean."

"There was the time he told me to buy that dreadful 'Jurgin'—no, that wasn't quite it; you remember the book, it was by that charming Mr. Cable, who used to write nicely about Louisiana, but he seems to have gone quite off his head—I suppose it's the war—but he must be old enough to know better by this time. And before I could return it, not only Jim had read it, but Junior and Phyllis, and even little Sylvia, who was staying with us that year. And the book was quite bent, and I had a dreadful time getting Mr. Shells to exchange it. But, really—you know—"

"And one has to be so careful. Isn't it terrible the things they're putting in novels now? And Phyllis tells me that she actually has to study some of those books in class in her Contemporary Authors course! I must say she doesn't complain, but doesn't it seem—well—you know."

"Now, what about this one, Mrs. Miniver? It has a nice, expensive-looking cover, hasn't it? Do you know anything?"

"What did you say his other book was? 'O, The Green Hat.' Some thing about cardinals, is it? Oh, no, they're red, of course; how silly of me! No, I didn't—you think I'd better not? Well, it looked so nice and showy, that was all. But of course those paper jackets don't last."

"I'll take a rapid glance at this one. Sometimes one can tell from the sixth chapter—they're usually through the preliminaries by that time."



time. . . . No, this won't do; it has something about Rotarians in it, and you know Jim is a Kiwanian. He says that no modern novelist seems to appreciate the spirit of brotherhood and boost that is in these societies, and some day somebody will write a real Rotary-Kiwanian novel from the inside. Jim says there would be millions in it. But evidently this isn't it. And he doesn't care to be written about as a symptom of the age like bootleggers and the Klu Klux Klan."

"All these books about college life, too. It's really very puzzling. Junior and Phyllis read a lot of them, and they say they're quite an accurate picture of the life of any university except Toronto, but that somehow Toronto isn't nearly as naughty as the others. I must say I was very glad to hear it, for I shouldn't like the dear children to associate with some of the people one reads about in these colleges where they go in for Experimental Psychology. Don't you think these are some things that even a university needn't touch?"

"O, Mr. Shells, just a minute! My regular Christmas book for my husband, you know. What would you advise this year? You've read all these things, of course."

"The Page Letters—but aren't they largely about the war? I think my husband likes to forget about the war; you see, it was very hard on us—our income tax is simply incredible. And his brother's son, you know, was terribly shell-shocked—he isn't earning anything even yet. So I think—"

"You suggest a work of reference? Well, I think my husband keeps them at the office. Or Sport? . . . O, are there books on sport? How nice. Why, yes—'Golf Clubs and How to Know Them'—I should think that would be splendid. Only I don't want a red one."

"O, Mrs. Miniver, do look at these lovely book rests! They're just about the color to go with our new curtains. And Jim has at least a dozen books already."

"Mr. Shells! . . . O, Mr. Shells, will you please put these aside for me until I bring in a sample of the curtains and make quite perfectly sure?"

"There . . . that gets the book off my mind. Where do you go next, Mrs. Miniver?"

THE PLACE OF TRADITION

By R.V.C.

Every now and again a wise man comes to us "out of the East" from across the sea, bringing with him messages to these distant parts of the Empire from the Motherland.

He lectures, entertains, is entertained and occasionally offers us a few words of praise and encouragement.

In this way in recent years we have been the honored hosts of such men as Sir Henry Newbolt, Mr. Ariam Williams, the British Scientists' Party and most recent of all, Dr. Rendall, former headmaster of Winchester.

In such an infant University as ours, where the wild woodland still grows on our very campus and where but a few years ago the coyote trotted securely over the spots now lit by the Torch of Learning, it is natural that we should feel sufficiently young and inexperienced to enjoy hearing criticisms of ourselves, and it is a proof of our national youthfulness in comparison with England that our invariable request is, "Tell us what you think of us?" whereas the visitor to England will rarely hear such a demand made.

It is sufficient evidence of our lack of maturity as a nation that we have this self-conscious interest in other people's opinion as opposed to the self-sufficiency and quiet assurance that characterizes the Motherland, and it is a creditable thing that we realize that in matters of culture and tradition we still have much to learn from our parent.

As students in a university, however, is there not a danger that we may worship the culture of the old world indiscriminately because it is considered the correct thing to do, and hasten to sit at the feet of these "wise men from the East," imbibing with uncritical palate the messages that flow from their tongues?

Take, for instance, the case of Dr. Rendall.

Here we have a man who comes to us from the very throne of England's oldest traditions, Winchester, the home of traditions as enduring as the walls of the grand old college itself, and doubtless destined to be the last rock to be washed away by the waves of Time and Progress.

It is as if one of the old philosophers of Greece had come to lecture us, so unfamiliar is the atmosphere he imparts, yet withal so venerable and learned.

He tells us of a school where the Classics form the major portion of the curriculum, where English literature is studied during the holidays as a recreation, and where the writing of Latin and Greek verses takes the place of mathematics as a mental discipline.

Furthermore, he shows us pictures of this old school founded almost six hundred years ago, buildings with walls five feet thick, ancient gates of oak and oaken panelling, and a cathedral of surpassing beauty.

He tells us of some of the traditions associated with the College of Winchester, and expatiates on the achievements of some of the limited number of scholars who have passed through its halls, and we are able to get some realization of what it must be to study in a school having all the sanctity of a monastery and all the dignity of a royal palace.

We come out from such a lecture with a guilty sense of having decried a holy place, with our untutored presence, we are painfully aware of our limited knowledge of Greek and Latin, and feel Philistines indeed.

But in order to restore our equanimity a little, let us consider some further facts in connection with these great English Public Schools.

It is to be remembered that these schools, so richly endowed, so substantially founded in the rich soil of the past, are kept strictly for the sons of the wealthy. Dr. Rendall told us that the Labor leaders in England had expressed a wish that their sons and the children of the class whom they represented might have the advantages of a strictly cultural education. "But," he went on to explain, "the unfortunate part is that we are so limited for space that we cannot accommodate them," and later he explained that their limited accommodation is due to a fear of megalomania.

In other words, the authorities of these schools exercise a selective right over pupils, and thus they continue to be centres of snobbery and class-discrimination.

These schools which are claimed to be the predecessors of our own educational system, give a cultural, classical and traditional education to a few thousand boys, but we must not forget that there are still millions of boys and girls whose educa-

THE PANTS AND THE CAR

"What would you like old Santa to bring?"
Said William Smith to his last off-spring,
"He'll soon be around with his ten reindeer,
It's getting so near, that time of the year;
So say what you'd like, and when I know
I'll tell the old boy by radio."

"Oh, a sailor suit with baggy pants,
And a nigger toy that will dance and dance;
And an automobile that will wind with a spring,
A ball and a top, and oh! everything.
But perhaps he can't bring them all so far,
So tell him to bring just the pants and the car."

"What would you like, oh, boy of mine?"
Said William Smith to his son, aged nine.

"Christmas will soon be here again,
When we all go more or less insane.
So tell me what you'd like from Pop,
And we'll try to fix you up tip-top."

"I want a suit like Jimmie Green,
The knickers and golf sox one, I mean.
And an automobile that will go about
By pushing the pedals in and out.
And a boxing glove I can use to spar—
But don't forget the pants and the car."

"What would you like for Christmas, boy?"
Wrote William Smith to his pride and joy.

His eldest son—a Varsity stude,
A "real smart boy"—though a little crude.
The son at his desk, in deepest thought,
Wrote to his Dad, for he studied not:

"I really must have a new suit or two,
And only the Oxford bags will do.
And you know, Dad, that I need 'bug'
To take the girls driving—so nice and snug.
That's all I can think of now, dear Pa,
So don't forget the pants and the cah."

—H.M.B.



tion is of a very different nature, but who nevertheless have been responsible through all ages for England's welfare.

Not to these has it been accorded to woo delicately the goddess of Wisdom in cloistered walks and in the shadows of antiquity.

To a great many an education with a stilted utilitarian purpose has only been obtainable in unlovely board schools, often in the slum surroundings of large manufacturing cities. And it is out of the sweat of children working in factories that these schools have been partly endowed, and with the blood of poverty-stricken peasants that these great walls have been cemented together.

No, while we sit lost in admiration of old-world traditions and magnificent cathedrals, let us remember that the observers of these traditions are as restricted in their outlook on life as the cloisters in which they are educated and as rigid in their ideas as the walls which encompass them, and while in some respects we have much to learn from them, yet for us is the star of freedom—freedom from superstitions, from the tyranny of cathedrals and the vague religions they stand for.

Not for the children of the prairie to admire a prefectural system with its potentialities for abuse and evil, but instead freedom to develop naturally in the great open spaces where the winds of the world may blow away the dusty cobwebs of a blind tradition, and permit them to choose for themselves whether they shall worship at the shrine Homer or gather wisdom from Sir Isaac Newton or Lavoisier.

THAT PRESENT

"Hello, Jim. Have you bought your Christmas presents? You have? Fine! So have I. Quite interesting this shopping, isn't it? The girl's present now! I had lots of fun buying it. I'll tell you about it."

"These last few celebrations have left me pretty flat; you know how it is—Christmas once a year and everything. Oh, it's good but expensive. The girl comes first, though, Jim. She's some girl—no, not that one, the one down home, I mean—and I'd decided to buy her a wrist watch. You know the kind. Those dinky little ones. They're on black ribbons. Yes, that's it. To resume: I was going to buy her a wrist watch, and I went down town to get it. Well, I met Bill. Bill's going home, too. Good old Bill. He's all right, is Bill, but he's got some funny ideas. He thought an alarm clock would be better. More for your money, he said. I don't like arguing with Bill, so we left it for the time. I intended to go back later, but I woke up in an hotel next morning, and hadn't either watch or block. Still, I'm glad of it somehow. After all, a watch isn't such a good present, is it? You don't want to remind a woman she's getting older every tick, anyway. Yes, I'm glad I didn't get the watch, but I thought one of those little bags, those things with beads on—pretty nice? Yes, not so bad. Well, I thought I'd get one of those. I went down yesterday to get the bag."

"As you said, they're pretty nice things—but I didn't get it. Bags are common anyway, Jim. A fellow should be original. By the way, I met Jack down town. I roomed with him for a time, you know. Yes, he's going home, too. We decided a bag wasn't just the thing. I thought one of those cute little Chink outfits at the Pekin Shoppe would be fine. Jack thought so, too. We went down to the store, but I guess it was closed. The door was locked anyway. It wasn't much past nine either. Oh, well! As Jack said, Chink things remind one too much of sharp collars."

and ham and eggs. But handkerchiefs, Jim! What's nicer than a box of handkerchiefs? Nothing? I agree. Well, handkerchiefs it was. I don't know how many I looked at, but somehow if they were the right color they had the wrong initials, and when we got the letters right the store was out of colors. We had to give it up. It's too bad. She would have liked handkerchiefs."

"Well, Jim, guess I must run along. What's that? What did I buy? I'm taking her a box of candy, Jim. She's a real girl; there's none better. She understands how we fellows are fixed; lots of expense, books, etc. After all, it's not the gift. It's the spirit, the Christmas spirit, that counts. That's the stuff, boy."

"Well, have a good time, Jim. Look after the girl. There's nothing like a good girl. Treat her as you like to be treated. That's my motto. Here's the train. Hand me my grip. Thanks. Merry Christmas, kid, and if you're not too drunk, drink my health. Goodbye."

R. L.

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SPORTS

Edited by Viv Leech



The Lone Wolf Says:—

Well, Merry Christmas everybody.

And speaking of Christmas, it is rumored that: Bill Whitaker wrote Santa Claus for a City League championship. Reg. Smith for Rhodes scholarship. Stan Barker, another boxing championship. Jimmy Smith, cold weather. The average student, a cheque.

Art Ahrens' statement that a human has 62 teeth is taken to be a mouthful.

Great Thrills: Christmas dinners.

Christmas Gifts

in every one of our splendid lines.

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Fine China
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Gift selections at prices to suit the occasion.

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There is no truth in the rumor going around that "Toughy" Fraser is to return next fall to take up Agriculture.

"Burp" Steeves handed us this in the hall the other day:
A flapper
Is a girl
Who powders
Her face,
Bobs her hair,
And says:
"Clothes, I'm
Going out;
If you want to
Come along
Stop lively;
If not—
Stay home—see?"

We are pleased to announce that J. Grant-McKay won several honours at the Chicago Stock Fair with his prize bull.

Famous Last Words: "Instead of a lecture today we will have a quiz."

Great Hopes: Landing a job for the holidays.

Only six more shopping days.

Now You Tell One
"No, really, I insist on paying for this."

Happy New Year.

VARSITY RUNNER FOR HERALD RACE

D. Sproule, Alberta's new distance champion, is after new laurels. Sproule is now down to work in preparation for the annual marathon classic, run in Calgary every Christmas Day, under the auspices of the Calgary Daily Herald. His Varsity supporters are picking him as the new cup holder.

Skating Outfits

We have a complete stock of the best quality Skating Outfits. Now's the time to get yours.

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JUNIORS AND FROSH SPLASH OTHERS AT ANNUAL SWIM MEET

Ian McDonald and Jean Ballard
Individual Champs

BEST MEET YET

Competition Keen For Honors in Men's Events

The big swimming meet on Tuesday evening, December 8th, turned out a huge success. The exponents of the aquatic sport splashed home before a good-sized audience. The programme went off with a snap under Charlie Waldo's able management and Stan Barker's announcing. The Juniors swam away bearing the inter-year championship, closely logged by the Freshman crew.

Due to the phenomenal stamina of Ian McDonald, who was the high-light of the evening, the Juniors were able to step out of the Y.M.C.A. tank inter-year champions. The Frosh, however, came a very close second, many of their points being due to the excellent work of their captain, Donald. The Seniors were next in order, with Tommy Cross as their outstanding man. Deep down in the cellar the Sophs were left.

The ladies put up such a fine exhibition that we suggest that a ladies' swimming club be organized to look after the excellent material they possess. In the ladies' events the Freshettes swamped their nearest rivals for the honors, scoring more points than the rest combined.

The outstanding star, as mentioned above, was Ian McDonald, who pulled the Iron Man stunt, coming first in the 100 and 200, second in the long plunge and third in the neat dive and breast stroke.

The Sophs should get on bended knee to Dan Revall, who was second high man, besides making all the Sophs' points.

So much for mere men. Now for the mermaids. Miss Jean Ballard just didn't know how to be beaten, and pulled twenty-six points out of the water. She came first in the long plunge, 50 yards, novelty speed dive, 100 yards and 50 feet. This daughter of Neptune captured the ladies' individual championship for her efforts. Miss Cummings displayed considerable aquatic skill by placing in several events and standing second for the honors.

Several records were splashed (some soaked, others merely dampened). This may be seen by glancing at the following:

Neat dives, men—Hill, Revell, MacDonald.

Neat dives, ladies—Miss Magoon, Miss Alexander, Miss Ballard.

Long plunge, men—Waldo, MacDonald, Hill.

Long plunge, ladies—Miss Ballard, Miss Cummings, Miss Nicholls.

50-foot dash, men—Allin, Waldo, Cross. Time, 8 1-5 seconds.

Fifty-foot dash, ladies—Miss Ballard, Miss Cummings, Miss Cornille. Time, 11 seconds.

Two hundred yards, men—MacDonald, Donald, Martland. Time, 3 minutes 2 1-2 secs.

Ladies' 50-yard dash—Miss Ballard, Miss Cummings, Miss Nicholls. Time, 46 secs.

Men's breaststroke, 50 yards—Teviotdale, Donald, MacDonald.

Men's novelty speed diving—Revall, Barker, Cross.

Men's backstroke, 50 yards—Revall, Teviotdale, Waldo. Time, 35 seconds.

Ladies' novelty speed diving—Miss Ballard, Miss Magoon, Miss Nicholls.

Men's underwater swim—Cross, Hill, Waldo. Longest distance, 50 yards.

Women's breaststroke, 50 feet—Miss Cummings, Miss Alexander, Miss Magoon. Time, 12 seconds.

Men's 50-yard dash—Pingle, Allin, Donald. Time, 32 1-5 secs.

Ladies' 100 yards—Miss Ballard, Miss Nicholls. Time, 1 minute and 47 secs.

Relay race, men's—Juniors, Seniors, Freshmen.

While the relay team were lining up Dan Revall gave a splendid exhibition of fancy diving.

The officials for the meet were Mr. Drummond, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Revall, Mr. Gemersy and Mr. Stephens. To these the Swimming Club extends its appreciation.

The following men will be seen sporting swimming shields next summer: Ian McDonald, Dan Revall, Tommy Cross, Warren Pingle, E. Allin, Tommy Teviotdale, Bob Hill, Donald and Charles Waldo.

VARSITY SENIORS BEAT FUSILIERS IN SPEEDY GAME

Accurate Shooting is Combined With Team-Work

INTERMEDIATES LOSE

Y. M. C. A. Team Shows Up Well in This Game

The green and gold troupe put to rout the invading Fusiliers when they met in "armed combat" in the Varsity gym. Varsity had control of the game most of the time, and the soldiers' scoring sprees were few and short-lived. The final score is a fair indication of the merits of the two teams. The Fusiliers have only worked out together a few times, and their poorly-timed combination plays showed their lack of practice. The Varsity quintette gave a good exhibition of team work, and their short, snappy passes had the opposition guessing. The militiamen's passes were repeatedly intercepted by the Varsity guards, and very seldom were they able to get close to the basket.

To pick an individual star, from the Varsity lineup would be doing the other members of the team an injustice; they all played top-notch basketball, and showed a finish in their work lacking in the other team. Falkenburg, for the Fusiliers, gathered in six points, and was the pick of that team. Gowda and McCallum, of last year's Intermediates, turned in good games for Varsity.

Senior Contest

The play in the first period was fast, and the players travelling at top speed all the way. The Fusiliers had a good array of substitutes, and used them often.

Osterland started the scoring for Varsity when he snared a basket after about two minutes of play. He repeated quickly by scoring on a pass from McLaren. The play for the next few minutes was marked by hard checking around the Fusiliers' basket, with Varsity trying hard to score.

McLaren took things in his own hands and scored from centre. Private Dagg bagged a couple of points on a foul. O'Brien and Husband were checking hard, and gummed up many of the Fusiliers' likely-looking rushes.

Brynildson, Stoner and McCallum came on, and kept up the furious pace set at the opening of the game. Infantryman Kinney garnered a point on a foul, and a little later scored a pretty field basket. Brynildson came back by scoring on a pass from Husband after a few neat passes in the soldiers' territory. Gowda replaced Stoner and finished the period. Keith Muir, who played with a mask throughout the game, started on a scoring spree, and pulled in six points before the end of the period. The period ended in a whirl of fast playing. Spills and thrills characterized the whole period. Score 14-5 for Varsity.

Second Period

The second period opened with Muir scoring twice in quick succession. Play continued hard and fast. McLaren scored from O'Brien, after they worked in close to the basket. Husband came down the floor and scored. The infantrymen showed up well for a few minutes, and gathered in eight points before their onslaught was checked. Nothing serious happened—Coach Jimmy Bill didn't even look worried. McLaren stopped Fusiliers' change by scoring, and Osterland followed up by scoring on a pass from O'Brien. The Varsity forwards proved themselves too illusive, and their sparkling passes too much for the Fusiliers' guards. Brynildson and McLaren scored in quick succession. Ten McCallum, who came on for McLaren, scored on a pass from Muir.

Varsity's win may be attributed to their team-work and effective shooting. However, with more practice the Fusiliers will prove themselves serious contenders for the city championship.

Intermediate Game

The Y.M.C.A. took the large end of a 36-21 score from Varsity Intermediates in the other exhibition encounter. The game was replete with many thrills, and the fans were often drawn from their seats when the ball tantalizingly rolled around the hoop three or four times before falling in or out. Varsity was not generally effective around the basket, but the players are capable, and with a few more games tucked away, will be real basket-getters. Higginbotham and C. C. Albras were the real sharpshooters of the evening. They dropped in baskets from almost any position on the floor with apparent ease. Saddington, Powell, Wier, McCallum and Thompson all aided in piling up the Varsity score. Ferguson, Ebey, Siebert and Woodford played their defence berths well. The secret of the "Y" victory lies in their ability to snare baskets from long range. Varsity fans are all looking forward to seeing these two teams in action again before the season grows much colder.

Allen Ridpath refereed the game efficiently.

The Lineups

Senior Game—Varsity—McLaren (8), Muir (10), Osterland (6), Husband (2), O'Brien, McCallum (2), Brynildson (4).

Fusiliers—Falkenburg (6), Sparling (2), Eslyn (2), Kinney (3), Dagg (2), McLeod, Atkinson, Quick, Burnett, Smith (2).

Referee—Stephens.

Intermediates—

Varsity—Saddington (4), Powell, McCallum (4), Ferguson (2), Siebert, Weir (5), Thompson (4), Ebey (2), Woodford.

Y.M.C.A.—C. Albras (7), Higginbotham (16), Perring (4), R. Albras (4), Hardy (4), Dickson.

Referee—A. Ridpath.

PRO. COACH HELPS BOXING CLUB

Erny McCabe, professional middleweight boxer, late of Boston, has been going through his paces in the Varsity gymnasium. McCabe will be remembered by Varsity fight fans as the middleweight who stayed with Ted Moore for 15 rounds in their fight for the British title in Madison Square Gardens last July. Moore later lost an unpopular decision to Harry Greb for the world's middleweight championship.

McCabe, who has taught the art in the States for some time, is coaching Stan Barker's hopefuls, and steps a few rounds each day with Barker, Laurie and some of the heavy ones.

C.O.T.C. WIN THE FIRST BALL GAME

The C.O.T.C. started a march in favor of new laurels on Tuesday last when they grabbed the first game of the Indoor Baseball League at the Prince of Wales' Armories, by defeating the Machine Gunners 31 to 5, in a hectic seven-inning battle. This is a new branch of activity for Varsity soldiers, and they took to the game in grand style. Red McLaren took the slab, and his assortment of shots and benders had the rapid fire troop fanning the ether to perfection. The hitting of Henderson, Fraser and Company at times threatened to tear out the end of the big drill hall, and if the squad can keep up the pace set in their first encounter another trophy should find its way to these halls of learning in the spring.

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ATHLETIC DECORATIONS

At the first meeting of the Decorations Committee, held on Wednesday, December 2nd, the following decorations were awarded:

TRACK

First Class "A" Special
D. Sproule
W. Cutsungavich
F. Werthenbach
A. Bright

Interfaculty Decorations (Shield or Bar)

E. Allin
A. Bright
W. Cutsungavich
H. James
C. Osterland
D. Sproule
D. Lundy
F. Werthenbach.

RUGBY

First Class "A" Special

W. L. McLaren
R. J. Henderson
L. Piper
H. O'Brien
W. Selnes
C. A. Laverty
J. Woods
T. Agnew
W. Potter
D. Young
J. B. Laurie
H. Ferguson
M. McCallum
D. P. McDonald
R. Ebey
C. Campbell
R. Hill

Second Class "A" Special
C. M. Laverty



BAT-EYE'S REPENTANCE

By R.L.D.

Being a Christmas interlude in one scene, featuring the pangs of remorse biting the breast of a bad actor.

Scene—Jake's Pool Room on the main street of Medicine Hat.

Time—Xmas Eve.

Dramatis personae—Bat-Eye, the bad bloke of the bad lands; Moke, the bar-keep; Timothy, Harry and Bill, citizens.

Foreword—"Tis Xmas Eve in the hamlet of Medicine Hat, and the gay lads of the village are gathered round the stove in Jake's Pool Room, chatting gaily of the morrow's festivities, and hazarding guesses as to what Santa Claus will bring them. Outside, a blizzard is blowing from the direction of Lethbridge. The falling snow, whirled round in the air, beats against the windows of the pool-room with a clatter like the firing of guns.

Timothy: "Gawd, wot a nite!"

Harry: "Yer said it, Tim!"

Bill: "That's how!"

Their gay chatter is interrupted by the violent opening of the door which leads to the street. A huge man, muffled up in a bowler hat and a mackinaw jacket, enters the room. The men by the stove, who have twisted round in their chairs to peer at the visitor, turn quickly round again, and hunch down before the fire.

Timothy (in an undertone): "Gawd, it's Bat-Eye!"

Harry (sotto voce): "Ain't it the truth?"

Bill (in a muffled voice): "Ye're right!"

The visitor removes his bowler hat, and having shaken off the snow which

clings to its brim, stands for a moment gazing round the room. A cynical smile clothes his thin lips, and his eyes have a hard look. He sucks the ends of his long moustache between his lips, then, having removed the frost collected there, he expectorates towards the stove. The distance is fully twenty feet, and the unerring aim with which he hits the stove door draws mutters of admiration from the men.

Timothy: "Gawd!"

Harry: "Yer said it, Tim!"

Bill: (Speechless).

Bat-Eye advances towards the bar, and little Moke, the bar-keep, rushes up to serve him.

Bat-Eye: "Sarsaparilla, and quick!"

(He hisses his s's, and the word whistles through the room.)

Moke (eyeing him tentatively): "An ortul nite, Mr. Bat-Eye?"

Bat-Eye: "Ay!" (He rumbles his Y's, and the word sounds like thunder in the mountains.)

Moke (emboldened by this conversation): "I wish you a Merry Xmas, Mr. Bat-Eye."

Bat-Eye: "Xmas." (He execrates his X's, and the sound sends shivers through the men seated before the fire.)

"Xmas! Ah, wot's a man like me got to do with Xmas. Xmas! The very word is a mockery."

Timothy (aside): "Gawd!"

Harry (ditto): "Something's hit him hard!"

Bill (ditto): "Ah!"

Bat-Eye drains his glass and sets it down on the counter again. Then, straightening his bow tie, he throws his arms on the counter, and leans his head on them. A muffled sob escapes him, and his shoulders heave like a strong man doing work.

Bat-Eye: "Mother, mother. What a lad I've been. I've gone from worse to something worse yet. Xmas! God, what a mockery! What a mess I've made of my life! Oh, to be a little lad again!"

Timothy (aside): "Gawd!"

Harry (ditto): "Something's sure hit him hard!"

Bill (ditto): "Ah!"

Bat-Eye (continuing): "Oh, to be a little lad again. Oh, to kneel and pray to Santa Claus to bring me a kiddie-car. Oh, to go to bed and lie waiting to see Santa Claus come in, and then wake up and find he has left a doll."

(There is a sound of a cracking

heart in the exclamation. The men seated by the fire, edged closer together, trembling in the presence of this soul's agony.)

Bat-Eye (continuing): "Hot-damn, them was the days. Nowadays, nothing but a shack, with an old bed to sleep on, and dodging the police continual. What gink?" (Bat-Eye raises his head from his arms and glares at the men by the stove.) "What gink on Xmas Eve don't remember the happy days of his youth?" (The men by the stove register rapid remembrance.) "Only a dorg." (Bat-Eye's voice cracks with emotion.) "Only a mongrel dorg would forget his home. Hey, you, Moke, do you remember your mother?" (He seizes the trembling Moke by the ear.)

Moke: "In course I do, Mr. Bat-Eye. We had a little house on 9th Avenue, in Calgary. Mother still lives there."

Bat-Eye: "Don't you never forget her, neither." (He gives Moke a box on the ear, and the boy bites the dust of the pool-room floor. Then, turning to the men at the stove.)

"Youse guys, stay straight if you can. When youse go home tonight, ask your kids to pray for me."

Bat-Eye spits again with unerring accuracy, resumes his bowler hat and mackinaw coat, and goes out. There is silence in the room for a few minutes. Then:

Timothy: "Gawd!"

Harry: "Something's sure hit Bat-Eye hard!"

Bill: "Ah!"

Finis.

A FARMER'S LIFE IN INDIA

By Sadhu Dhami

It was early in the dawn of a summer day. The poor farmer, bound by the chains of slumber, was lying unconscious of all his worldly sorrows. It was growing late for him to perform his daily toilsome duty, which stood waiting in the field. The cock crew a third time. His eyes opened. Thinking that he was late he looked agast. He had no sense of time. By looking at the perfectly clear and azure sky, he observed that the day star had sunk near the horizon. The army of the stars which ruled all night had been vanquished to a great extent. Those which still twinkled in their isolated positions were ready to disappear. The day was calm, and the wind fair. It was a blessed thing, indeed, to open one's eye on such an occasion. Perhaps, on the farmer's mind, the worry about the duty was more prevalent than the joy of the dawn. The birds were singing in melodious tones. They were merrily dancing to and fro on the branches of the trees laden with green foliage. But the weary farmer should be doing some duty by now.

Though reluctant to leave the comfortable bed, he perforce must get up. After dressing himself, he went to see his oxen. The couple had not yet finished their sleep. The neck of the one served the purpose of a soft cushion for the jaw of the other. Their master must give them sufficient rest. As soon as his mind thought of it his eyes turned towards the east. A pale glimmer appeared in the horizon. "Get up, Kalu," he shouted almost unconsciously. He hit the other with his right foot. Both of them drowsily obeyed their master. After having yawned, they stretched themselves. Untethering the couple, the farmer left for the field, where he had last night left the wooden plough standing at the end of the furrow. The field was nearly a mile away from the village, where the gregarious farmer lived.

In a few minutes he found himself in the open air. The fresh breeze went whistling through the trees. The sarus, with their flexible, spire-like tops, majestically bowed with each gust of wind. The grass was soft and full of life. It was sprinkled with diamond-like dewdrops. Some of the blades had not yet outgrown their curly childhood. Buds were bursting out. They at last exposed their hearts, which they had so long concealed like young coquettes. The fawns were at their play, peeping through the green hedgerows. The deer appeared to be proud of their nimble bodies when their long, slender legs could carry them with the speed of an arrow. The doves were cooing and the sparrows chirping. The owl was inhaling for the last time. Oh! how pleasant it was to be out, when Nature's boundless treasures lay all unlocked. The incomparable beauty of the morning lulled the heart to sleep. The farmer heard his friends shouting behind their oxen. "Devil take ye both," cried one. "Little speed there," shouted the other.

The farmer arrived at his field. He put his hooks down, and placed his tobacco bag nearby. He dug a cup-like shape in the soft earth. Taking out of his chilm some red-hot pieces of charcoal he put them amidst the dry fragments of dung which he had already placed in the hole. Covering the latter with the soft dry

U. of A. OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS PLANS INCLUDE MANY PHASES

About One Hundred Men are Working for Lieutenants' Certificates—Special Training is Given in Medical Work, Signalling, and Machine Gunnery

The University contingent of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps pauses at this half-way point to get its second wind, as it were; to look back with pride at what has already been accomplished this year, to look forward with hope and expectation at what will be done after the New Year. With some 300 men in the corps and a full quota of officers, the Unit will make a good showing on inspection day next March, if our instructor, Sergeant-Instructor Smith, P.P.C.L.L., has anything to say about it.

The C.O.T.C. is organized on a four company basis, but owing to the lack of adequate parade grounds, training is carried on on a two company basis. Battalion Headquarters is comprised of: Lieutenant-Colonel F. A. S. Dunn, Commanding Officer; Major D. E. Cameron, Second-in-Command; Captain and Adjutant P. G. Davies; Captain and Paymaster A. West; Lieutenant and Medical Officer W. H. Scott; and Lieutenant and Quartermaster E. B. Wilson. Capt. Ramsay and Capt. Murray are in command respectively of "A" and "B" Companies, while Lieut. W. B. Cromarty is Bandmaster.

"A" Company consists of men who have been in the O.T.C. previously, any other branch of the N.P.A.M., or who have seen regular service; "B" Company consists of all new men.

"A" Company men are either taking Certificate "A" instruction or specialist classes. The first three platoons, about 100 men, are working for their lieutenancies. Platoon Four consists of the Lewis Gunners and Signallers. The former number about 15, and under Lieutenant D. E. Walker are doing good work; the Signallers, under Acting-Captain Mealing, number about 15, and are also making excellent progress.

In addition to these there is a Medical Squad of about 20 men under the direction of C. S. M. Begg. These men will write their Medical "A" Certificate examinations next spring along with the Infantry "A" men. There are about 10 officers taking their Captain's Course.

The Battalion's Brass Band is a very creditable division this year, under the leadership of Bandmaster Cromarty. It consists of about thirty pieces. The Bugle Band also deserves credit. It contains about 12 men.

On Sunday, November 29th, the Unit had a Church Parade, at which a very representative group of officers and men attended the Memorial Service in All Saints' Pro-Cathedral for the late Queen Mother, Queen Alexandra.

A Route March was held in November. The Battalion marched to White Mud Creek and back. This was very successful, and gave the men a little real practical work. It is hoped that the weather will permit a night tactical scheme after the New Year. These have always been very popular, due in no small measure probably to the fact that the Army Canteen accompanies the troops on that occasion.

The O.T.C. has also entered three teams in the Edmonton Garrison Sports League: an indoor baseball team and two rifle teams, one a best shot team, the other a tyro team. The first baseball game was held a week ago Tuesday night, and when the smoke of battle had cleared away the local boys were victors on a 31-5 score.

The Corps Rifle Team made an excellent showing in the Dominion Inter-University Competition, standing third with a score of 717. Queens University annexed the cup with the close score of 723.

C.Q.M.S. Barker reports that the boxing and wrestling of the Battalion is not being neglected, and will afford numerous surprises for the rest of the Unit in the Spring.

The Corps rejoices in seeing another of its late members climbing in

the field of military fame. Clifford Underwood, B.A., B.Sc., a few weeks ago became a Lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Corps of Signallers.

After Christmas the Unit will follow a period of intensive training, for with less than three months left before General Inspection much work will need to be done. Rough corners will have to be polished off in "B" Company, while "A" Company, the corps of potential officers, has many lectures to attend as well. But it is well established that the University of Alberta Officers Corps is invariably one of the best and smartest battalions in the Province on that day.

All other departments of the University have their scholarships and their prizes for good and faithful work—the O.T.C. is no exception. It offers to those of its men who give true and faithful service the chance of going for the summer to one or other of the Summer Training Camps. The Science student has the chance of going East to the R.A.F. Camp at Camp Borden. To others there is the opportunity of going to Sarcee Camp at Calgary, to attend Small Arms School, courses being offered in rifle, bayonet, Lewis gun, machine gun, revolvers, etc. The number sent is limited, but well worth working for.

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ADDITIONAL SPORT GREAT SEASON OF FALL ATHLETICS

Review of Rugby, Tennis, Track and Swimming Shows Varsity Teams to the Fore

To the sport followers of the University the fall athletic season presented a far from hopeful or cheerful outlook. The senior rugby squad found themselves pitted against their old rivals and last season's champions, the Calgary Tigers. Jimmy Bill, however had a joker in the hole, and much to the surprise of the prophets and sport followers in general and Calgary in particular, the Green and Gold made a clean sweep of the championship series, by the score of 37-15, and are now resting supreme in these parts for the first time since 1914.

Team Intact
However, there is no reason to sigh—"it's all over now." Of the 1925 squad all will return to the fold next October with the exception of "Red" McLaren, Ross Henderson and Charlie Laverty. The holes left by these stalwarts will be hard to plug. "Red" McLaren, who captained the team, proved to be well worth the honor shown him by his fellow players. The big boy never quit, and his work on both the offensive and defensive was a revelation to Varsity fans and a continual source of annoyance to the opposition.

Ross Henderson played the greatest game of his career in the final encounter when he outkicked the whole opposing team of toe artists. His work on the backfield and at quarter was both snappy and tricky throughout. "Hendy" has set a high standard as a player and a man, and the person attempting to fill his shoes on the lineup has a mighty big order. Charlie Laverty, the other departing member of the squad, while not a spectacular player, is of the steady consistent type that really turns de-

feat into victory in the dying moments of a game.

Interfac Rugby
The Interfaculty League, under the leadership of R. Brown and M. Gale, was equally successful. The complete schedule left the Pharmadents and Com-Law squads opposed in the title battle. Here, contrary to the expectations of many, the Medicals had little difficulty in disposing of their rivals, when they trimmed them 20 to nothing.

Track Teams
"Aubs" Bright and his assistants at cinder track sports landed in Winnipeg, accompanied by a couple of feet of snow, one Saturday, and pulling out a bunch of spiked shoes and green and gold sweaters proclaimed to the world in general and the University of Manitoba in particular that they were in quest of the Cairns Trophy. This all happened on Saturday, October 19th, when, under the auspices of the U. of M., the annual W.I.C.A.U. field meet was staged.

The U. of A. team, while failing to land the mug, put up a real fight for the honors, and when the smoke of battle cleared away found themselves resting in second place. In spite of adverse weather, the meet was highly successful, and all events were hotly contested. For the number of men on the team, the Varsity squad succeeded in taking their share of the points.

Bright, ha of the many records, hung up two more high marks, and helped himself to 13 points and finished second for the aggregate title. Fritz Werthenbach and Sproule demonstrated their right to places on the team by taking the limelight in

several of the feature events of the day's programme. The squad put up a great fight, and went down only before a better, more experienced troupe of athletes. Next year the programme is slated to be run in Saskatoon, and it is expected that the green and gold will move even nearer to the top of the ladder.

The interfaculty meet was equally successful, the Arts entries topping the list after a hard-fought battle. In this day's fun several records fell and some new stars were unearthed. Sproule proved the sensation of the day by taking the distance events in spectacular style. Gladys Ery, Cliff Osterland and "Aubs" Bright were also much in the limelight, and garnered in numerous points for their faculties. The meet, after being postponed several days, was free from any tedious delays which so often characterize affairs of this nature, and every one voted it the best ever.

Tennis
Another branch of the season's activities was the tennis tournament. Here, in spite of weather handicaps, Jack Gorrie, president of the club, kept things moving until winners were all decided. Miss Race and Lyle were returned victors in their respective classes. Miss Race had little difficulty in disposing of most of her opponents, but Lyle was forced to fight his way to the top, Cross giving him a very stiff argument in the finals.

The Varsity team invaded the home courts of the U. of S., and after a long, bitterly-fought struggle, were forced to accept defeat in the majority of the events. Miss Race and Cross won the mixed doubles for Alberta's only victory of the tourney.

The Y.M.C.A. was again the scene of the great splashing, when the Juniors romped home with the inter-year swimming honors. The Frosh and Seniors provided plenty of opposition, however, and the meet will go down as the most successful athletic venture of its kind in local sport history.

Thus it is seen that the past season of fall athletics has been one of the best enjoyed by the University in several moons. Not alone from the standpoint of capturing silverware and trophies, emblematic of championships, but for the wide variation of activities and the fine sportsmanship that has been shown at all times by the players and fans alike.

"OWLS TO ATHENS"

By DR. W. G. HARDY

Modern sport dates from the days of the Greeks. In the intervals between the composition of sad, stern tragedies and the chiselling of graceful apophorites, the ancient Hellene invented athletics. It is probable, that the average citizen of that day appreciated one good track meet more than all the high-brow dramas of his compeers. Aeschylus was a great tragedian, but his epitaph only mentions his prowess as a soldier. Track, as I have suggested, was the Greek's particular hobby—witness the running of the first marathon and the prominence of track sports in the numerous athletic meets which culminated every four years in the great Olympic games. Victory in the latter meant something to the Greek. A triumphal chorus sung by a choir of girls and young men—the brass band of antiquity—greeted his return to his native town, the city wall was torn down for his triumphal entry, and the state gave him an annuity for life. All this to supplement the simple crown of wild olives about which Rusklin writes so touchingly. The Greeks, after all, were very normal people, and very western people.

and in nothing more western than in their love for sport and glory.

Track, of course, was not their only athletic venture. Even at the Olympic games wrestling, boxing and the like had an important place. There is, indeed, no evidence of interest in basketball. The Greek left that for the Mayas of the Yucatan. But they did play hockey. A relief in the National Museum at Athens shows two Athenians facing off. The great sport of sports, however, seems to have been war. A sort of giant, rugby scrimmage this was, in which weight and condition told, with a few fake plays thrown in. Take Agosopotami—in the midst of the battle the Spartans faked a luncheon engagement and returned suddenly to find the Athenian fleet at anchor on the crews on land—I had almost said taking tea at 4:30. At any rate, the Spartans made a touch, and the Athenians lost their fleet. But the Greeks always felt that the Spartans played the Athenians a dirty trick.

War, however, is hardly a normal sport, and the Greeks, as we have seen, had plenty of normal athletics. What did they expect to get out of their sports? Well, the Greek was very modern. He wanted, first of all, glory and to be seen of men. Other things might be added—chiefly what the Romans later called "mens sana in corpore sano." I expect even a first year student to translate that. Whether he can or not, what the Greek athlete developed and what every athlete today has a chance of getting, was worth while. Symmetry of body and a thoroughly well-balanced physical frame, these are attributes of the Greek athlete sculptured by Polykleitos and Lysippos. It is likely that the corresponding qualities of mind and character were added. For the ideal athlete today has learnt to give and take hard knocks without resort to trickery and unfairness. He has found out, too, that in sport he must combine skill and trained precision with endurance of mind and body, the whole tempered by a sense of fair play. Above all he knows that the team is more important than the individual players and that, in spite of eagerness to win, it is the game that counts. No true athlete is a poor loser. All this sport teaches as nothing else, perhaps, can teach. Its

main function may be, as psychologists would put it, to satisfy the play instinct, but the Anglo-Saxon world has believed it to be a great educator as well.

Some tendencies in sport are, of course, disturbing. There is the professionalization tendency. Someone has said that to the American the business of living is business. The American has applied this principle to athletics. Let a sport prove its popularity and draw huge crowds at once some "go-getter" proceeds to professionalize it, and put it on a commercial basis. It has been argued that this helps the amateur game. To me, it seems that any amateur game which needs this hypodermic needle is an underdog as well. What essential difference is there between the attitude of a crowd at a bull-fight and at a professional rugby game? Even Edmonton fans have been known to hallow for the scalps of Calgary's professional hockey team, regardless of the fact that few of its members were born in "The Windy City." The Greeks had professional sport, too. There is a vast abyss between the glory of Olympic meets of classical Greece and the degeneracy of Hellenistic times. Professional sport soon left its mark.

By this time, I suspect, the significance of my title will be obvious. It is the ancient equivalent of "coals to Newcastle" or shingles to the flapper or something of that sort. So in all that I have said there has been nothing original, nothing that has not been said in the University a hundred times, and been listened to—more or less respectfully—by the average undergrad much oftener than that. But platitudes are often platitudes simply because they are such obvious truths. There is, for instance, nothing original in saying that athletics are a great factor in the development of brawn, brain and character, but it does no harm, perhaps, to reiterate the truth.

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WOMEN'S SENIOR BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Jan. 11—Varsity vs. Grads.
Jan. 18—Grads vs. Gradettes.
Jan. 25—Gradettes vs. Varsity.
Feb. 1—Gradettes vs. Grads.
Feb. 8—Varsity vs. Gradettes.
Feb. 15—Grads vs. Varsity.

The first mentioned team will be the home team.

Varsity interest should be keen in this series, as the University of Alberta is entering a team of stars, whom Coach Jim Bill plans on working into real basketball form.

NOTICE ARTS!

Arts Club pins will be available immediately after New Year's. Word has been received from Toronto to this effect, and those who desire pins may obtain them then on payment of \$1.00.

SPORT, SCHOLARSHIP NOT OPPOSED SAYS JIMMIE BILL

Arts Club Hears Successful Coach Tell How Rugby Machines Are Made

Jimmie Bill, coach of the provincial champions, and for that and other reasons one of the "powers that be" around Varsity, was the speaker at a meeting of the Arts Club, held on Friday, December 11th. Mr. Bill's subject was "University Rugby," where "university" is understood as referring not only to Canada, but also to the United States. The systematizing of the game in that country has brought up several interesting situations. Of these, perhaps the most peculiar is the admitted offering of inducements to valuable players to attend university, in spite of the attempts of the combined faculties to prevent it. As long as wealthy alumni continue to show the same active interest in the rugby teams of their Alma Mater, the tuition and other expenses of certain rugby-playing students are certain to be paid. The faculty and even the student body are helpless to prevent it. It should be noted, however, that this is open only to "students" who are good rugby players—that is to say, a man must pass his exams to remain eligible for the "dole."

The elaborate "scouting" system of the majority of United States colleges was then described. Interested alumni are given elaborate questionnaires regarding the strength of future opponents. These questions cover the strength and weakness of the team as a whole and individually, whether its greater power is on offense or defence, whether it is an intelligent team, whether it is strong in substitutes, whether it plays a smashing or a waiting game, and a many plays and formations as possible.

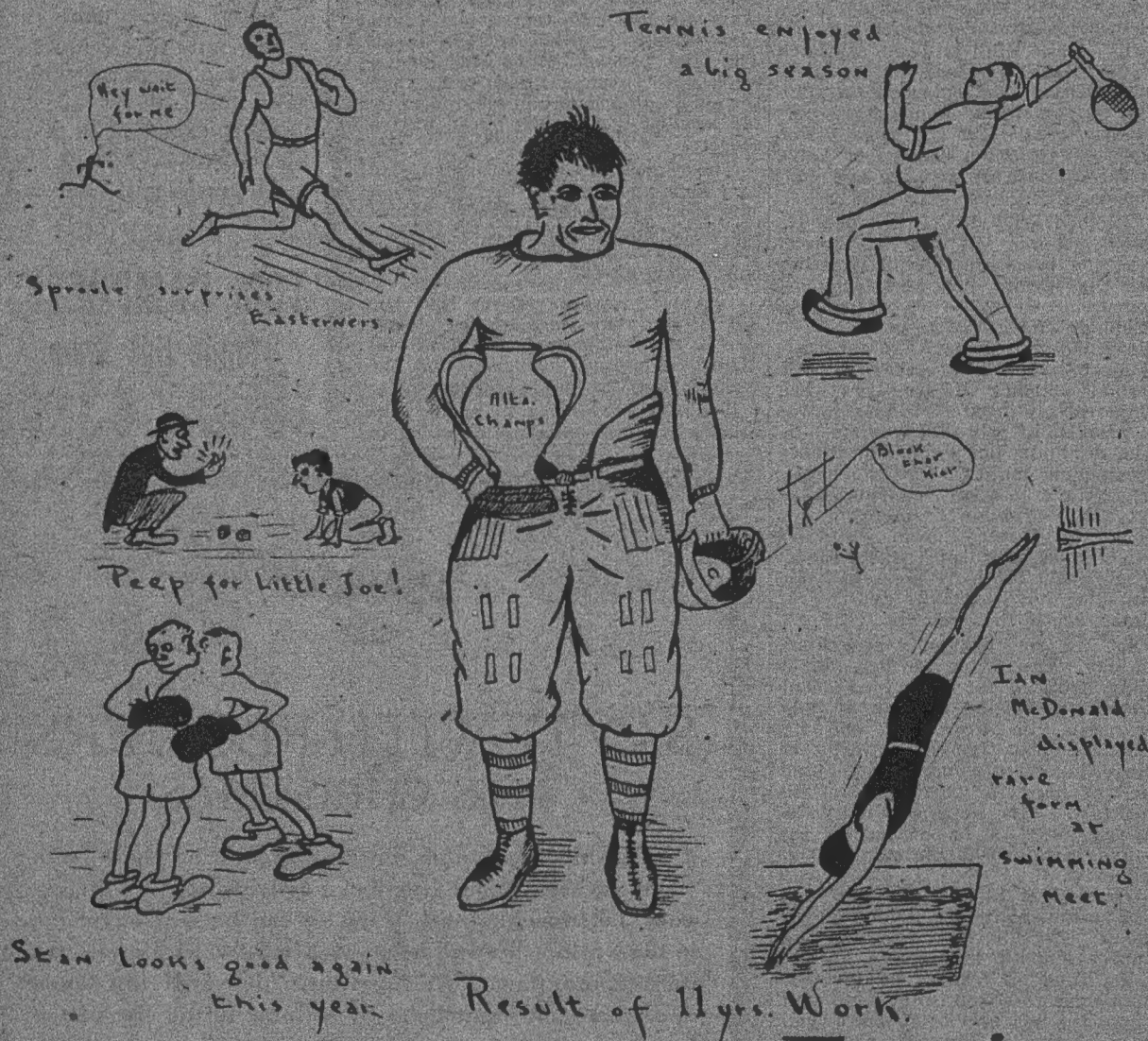
Neither of these two practices enjoy any great popularity in Canada. Probably the case of the Queens University team of the last few years—a solitary example. A great deal has been heard concerning alleged offering of inducements to certain members of that team. The academic records of the men concerned, however, certainly challenge opponents of the system to prove that any real harm has been done.

The task of building up a rugby team "out here" was breezily described from the coach's standpoint. Mr. Bill recounting the "weeding out" of those who discover their true sphere at the first Saturday night dance, those who decide to turn out "next year," those who have no physique, and those who have only physique.

Mr. Bill briefly described the game, and gave as the reason for its popularity the factor of physical contact, which rugby shares with no other game.

Mr. Bill's remarks were replete with his inimitable humour, and were particularly well received by the club. He urged the complete overthrow of the idea that a man cannot both play games and keep up in his studies. Not contenting himself with numerous examples, the speaker asserted that the average of those who play games who pass their examinations would probably be as high as the average of the whole University.

After tea had been served, the President, M. L. Watts, briefly introduced the speaker. At the end of the main address, Mr. Don Ramsay moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Bill, which was carried with enthusiasm.



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AT THE THEATRES

MARY PICKFORD AT EMPRESS

Mary Pickford has joined the "back-to-the-earlier-days" movement and in her new photoplay, "Little Annie Rooney," which is the attraction at the Empress theatre today till Friday, under a United Artists Corporation release, will be seen at her best in the hoydenish and raggy-muffin roles that so endeared her to the public and won for her the title "The World's Sweetheart." She has temporarily, at least, abandoned the fussy furbelows of the costume drama and the golden slippers of the fairy tale.

To just what extent Miss Pickford has made this change in film-characterization may be judged from the title of her new production—"Little Annie Rooney"—and the fact that she appears as the twelve-year-old daughter of a popular policeman, leads a group of dirty-faced youngsters in kid battles against a rival gang, and secretly adores Joe Kelly, a hulking truck driver, who is the pal of her brother, Tim Rooney.

Not much similarity here to the sweeping costumes of lace and velvets of "Dorothy Vernon" or the gaily colored shawls, drooping fans and languishing eyes of "Rosita." And there are no castles with their moats; no palaces with their princes. On the contrary, Annie Rooney's costume consists of checkered gingham, with here and there a button missing, and here and there a patch; cotton stockings with runs that have been darned and some that haven't, and more or less down-at-the-heel shoes. Annie never wears a hat.

As for the locale—the squalid tenement house district of the lower East Side in New York; and the sets are described as marvels of accuracy in detail. The broken bath-tub is foisted at the correct spot; discarded boots and shoes aimed at yowling cats lie in the littered area-ways and back-yards; the inevitable washing dangles from ropes stretching from window to window. The Brooklyn Bridge plays an important part in the story and has been faithfully reproduced.

There are youngsters galore in "Little Annie Rooney," most of whom never before have been before the camera. They are of all types and nationalities; ten races, in fact, being represented.

"THE GIRL FROM CHILD'S" AT THE EMPIRE

"The hit of the season" was the verdict of the audience as it unwillingly departed from the Empire theatre last night when the final curtain had fallen on "The Girl From Child's."

The Allen Players are to be congratulated, for they have certainly picked a play that appeals to all sorts of theatregoers so strongly that it is sure to be the outstanding success of the season.

The walls fairly shook with laughter, and there were just enough of those genuinely pathetic moments which produce a sniffing in the audience. Added to this, there was drama with a real "punch," the climaxes of the three acts were perfectly timed, and the plot interesting, novel and a refreshing departure from the hackneyed and trite.

Before the week is over, the whole town will be singing the praises of Miss Felton, for the leading woman of the company has the greatest part this reviewer has ever seen her in, and the way she "puts it over" was almost sensational. Called upon to register, by turn, every sort of emotion, she brought the appealing little waitress to life in such a way that you were generally on the edge of your seat, anxiously hoping that things would turn out all right for her.

In "The Girl from Child's" is exemplified the best of comedy with subtle touches of the drama. All those who viewed the performance on Thursday night enjoyed it heartily, and all voted "The Girl From Child's" exceptional entertainment.

THE RIALTO

Mr. Long has signed up some of the very best pictures for the winter to the Rialto. See the show and you will not be disappointed.

"REVUE DE LUXE"

Heading a talented cast of three versatile young men and six pretty girls, Boris Fridkin, producer of many vaudeville headline successes, is coming to the Pantages theatre in person, starting next Thursday, and will present his 1925-26 feature act, "Revue De Luxe," an added attraction for Thursday, is the offering of Stanelli and Douglas, both recognized favorites in the vaudeville world.

Arturo Bernardi, who has been honored by appearing before the King and Queen of England at a command performance, is also an added attraction this week.

Beryl Gray and Mary Baker, the latter who is a California girl formerly with "Robin Hood" and "Blossom Time" companies, are offering a novelty act entitled "Grin and Bear it," in which Miss Gray acts the clown to the more sedate part played by Miss Baker, who is possessed of a beautiful soprano voice.

Another highly entertaining act is that of Fulton and Mack, the "Masked Marvels," acrobats of great excellence.

A ladies two-for-one matinee is billed for Thursday afternoon.

SOPH OFFICIALS HALED BEFORE STUDENTS' COURT

(Continued from Page 4.)

called by the Union, established proof that sec. XII, sub. 6, of "The Students' Court Act" had been referred to the accused, and that the enquiry held by him could have left no doubt in his mind that the charge had not been referred to any member of the higher court. He admitted having had this impression. The case for the defence was the evidence adduced from a cross-examination of the Union's witnesses, all of whom believed that the magistrate had held the trial with full dignity, giving the counsel for the defence ample opportunity to state his case. Case dismissed.

Charge 4.—The same official was further charged that in conducting the Sophomore Court, subsequent to his knowledge of its having been wrongfully convened, he had conducted himself in a manner detrimental to the best interests of the student body. The prosecution stated that the evidence for this charge was substantially the same as that of Charge 3, and that this alternative charge had been prepared to give the Court more leeway in imposing sentence should it feel that the accused had acted in good faith, and that deprivation of office was too heavy a penalty. In rebuttal to the common evidence of Charges 3 and 4, the counsel for the defence pointed out that in any court of the land a magistrate confronted with a similar problem would have done as the accused did. A conviction was established, and sentence was resented, with promise of leniency, as the Court felt that the magistrate had acted in good faith, and had conducted his court in an orderly and just manner.

Charge 5.—The Students' Union vs. the President of the Sophomore year, charging that the accused, by inciting Mr. D. P. MacDonald to act, without proper appointment, as prosecutor for the Sophomore Court, had acted in a manner contrary to the best interests of the student body. The Court regretted the accused's failure to perform a duty, and found him guilty. The sentence, to come under sec. I, sub. 8, of "The Students' Code," was reserved, pending the pleasure of the Court.

Charge 6.—The Students' Union vs. the Sophomore President, charging him that, in the same case, he had wrongfully incited the magistrate of the Sophomore Court to act. The case was withdrawn for lack of evidence on behalf of the Union.

At the conclusion of the session, Mr. Herbert asked if the Court was going to give a ruling as to upon whom, in future, should devolve the duty of referring the nature of cases about to come before the Sophomore



MISS VERNA FELTON

Who takes the leading role in "The Girl From Child's" at Empire Theatre

TOBOGGAN CLUB PREPARE SLIDE

Arrangements for Big Party After Christmas

Tobogganing should provide a big attraction for the thrill-seekers of the campus this winter on account of the newly-formed Tobogganing Club. Early in November the club applied to the Edmonton agent of the Canadian Estates, Limited, for permission to build a toboggan slide on their property on the south bank of the river, west of the University. This permission was granted on the condition that the property would not be defaced and that the club be open to all University students. The last condition was already a feature of the Tobogganing Club. It is not an exclusive "clique," but an organization founded for the purpose of promoting enjoyment of one of our most pleasant winter sports. Work was at once begun on the slide. Labor was hired, and the slide has been put in first-class shape. It is as fast as ever and has been made safe for use. The club also intends to have its own toboggans, one of which is now nearing completion in the carpenter's shop.

The club does not wish to keep any University student off the slide. They are all welcome. The slide must be kept in shape, however, so the club earnestly solicits the support of all tobogganists. A larger membership means a better slide and bigger and livelier parties. Therefore, the club asks the students to join now and get the organization on its feet for the big opening party, which will take place after the holidays.

If you wish to join, see any of the following: L. Kindt, C. Greenberg, H. Meadows, M. Lewis, A. Jones, F. Lynch-Staunton, B. Van Buren.

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"JOE"

The little town, with its old gabled houses, and its grey stone High Street, lies in the golden haze of a late August afternoon. The old church, standing in the square, with its tall spire reaching into the quiet air, intercepts the light from the dying sun, and casts long irregular shadows against the old houses that stand on the opposite side of the street.

The day has been hot, and the cool breeze that is springing up now draws the shopkeepers and householders out in front of their dwellings to cry gossip to each other across the iron-rail fences, as they lounge in the cool shadows of their houses. They are harvesting in the fields. The weather is good for that, but the sun has been hot on the backs of the labourers sweating over their hard tasks.

There is little traffic in the High Street. An occasional wagon from one of the nearby farms carrying pigs to the market town of Woodcote; an occasional shepherd driving his bleating flock to the killing pens. They pass but seldom, however, and in the interval the quietness of the street is only broken by the noisy shouting of the children playing on it.

Down the street, as the shadows deepen and the golden haze darkens to a smoky blue, the workmen come from the farms. Tired with the heavy labours of the day, they shuffle along the road, with heads bowed and tired eyes fixed doggedly on the ground, thinking only of the supper of cheese and beer before them, and the quiet peace of a pipe as they lounge on their doorsteps in the darkening twilight. The clock in the Church

Tower booms out the hour of six, and the street awakens from its drowsy slumber. The prentices and clerks come out of the shops and offices to put up the heavy shutters against the windows, and to roll back the canvas awnings as a precaution against rain. Soon they are hurrying home to supper, with their coats under their arms, and their straw hats pushed back on their perspiring foreheads. They cry out gaily to each other as they pass; broad grins covering their ruddy faces in appreciation of each other's witticisms.

These are the gay young dogs of the town who, when they have had their supper, promenade up and down the street with awkward arms placed round the ample waists of their sweethearts; and receive with blissful smiles the quips of their elders, who sit at their doorsteps enjoying the evening air.

On the lawn in front of a white-washed cottage standing a little back from the street, a group of these young swains were gathered round the chair of Mary Hodges. She was the belle of the village, and held undisputed sway over those young men who were not specifically attached to other damsels of the district. These youths lounged on the grass at her feet, and vied with each other for her favour and the smiles which Mary dispensed among them. They responded quickly to the emotions, and were suffused in blushes, undergoing agonies of embarrassment when they were worsted, under the eyes of their lady-love in the brisk repartee which they conducted among themselves.

Down the street, as the twilight deepened into dark, came a big man, whose tremendous stride gave some hint of his immense strength. He moved with an easy grace, pushing before him a hand-cart, on which was painted in uneven characters, "Joe Hadding—Fishmonger." As he passed the housewives and their husbands, they pass remarks intended for wit upon Joe and his profession, pretending that the aroma of his trade is drawing the beauty to every one of them. But they don't go too far. For Joe was wounded in the head in the war, and he flew into a temper quickly if he was teased beyond his

LUCKY ADAM

By R. V. Clark

Of all the men remembered in the annals of the past, There are few whose slippers I would care to wear, We know the laurel-wreath will fade and Fame can never last, But I've always envied Adam for his share.

It's not so much the freedom he was able to enjoy From relatives, reformers and the like, Nor all the sunny hours of happiness without alloy, Which he got without the semblance of a strike.

To gambol with a tiger or an amiable snake, Or chase his little Eve around the trees; To bathe without undressing in a nicely heated lake, It's not so much for pleasant things like these.

patience. "Sort of half-witted like," local gossip summed him up, and warned their young offsprings not to tease him. Seeing him at a distance it would be hard to believe that he was simple. It would seem incredible that such a healthy body could house a weak mind. But a closer view would confirm the townsfolk's judgment. His clear blue eyes have a faraway look in them, as if he was in a continual brown study; and across his forehead ran a ragged scar, grey-white against the burning red of the rest of his face.

He stopped opposite the widow Hodges' small confectionery shop, and leaving his barrow standing at the curb, swung with an easy stride towards the garden, where Mary Hodges was holding her court.

He was insanely jealous of the other men who paid her attention. But he doesn't show it. Once, annoyed at the amorous attentions that a young butcher of the town was paying to Mary, he had seized the amazed swain by his legs, and swinging him round in the air, had thrown him as far as the sidewalk, where he had rolled over into the gutter with an arm crumpled up beneath him. Flushed with the triumph of achieving something for his lady, Joe had turned towards Mary, and had received, instead of her smiling thanks for the deed, such a scathing torrent of abuse that, standing with bowed head before her, he had solemnly sworn never to repeat such an action again. The feelings of the butcher had been mollified by apology, and Joe, after a period of disgrace, had been restored to favour. The young men of the district, in time, recovered from the shock and got used to the presence of Joe, who after this one outburst, remained quiet in the background and never obtruded on the conversation.

A high-pitched laugh came from the garden, and Joe frowned a little at this sign that Mary was not alone. "I got to look neat," he muttered, and produced a cream silk handkerchief from his hip pocket. With a yank he stripped off the sweat-stained neckcloth that he was wearing, and then slowly and with the utmost care knotted the shiny silk about his throat, tucking the ends neatly under his waistcoat, and taking as much care with it as a dandy with his cravat.

These preparations did not go unperceived by the group on the lawn, and several bucolic witticisms were flung at him as he completed his costume. Joe paid no attention to these until he awkwardly entered the garden with a newspaper wrapped parcel under his arm.

"Ah, here's poor Joe again!" cried the young woman, although she had been perfectly well aware of his presence for the past three or four minutes.

Joe marched up to her chair without a word, and dropped the parcel into her lap, causing her to scream in mock alarm: "Why, Joe, do you mean to say that you've brought me a present?"

"Ay, I have that," rumbled the giant. "It's cod, and fresh this morning."

(Continued on Page 14.)

It's true he didn't have to paint a garage or a fence, Or swear away his soul upon a Ford, Or pay an income-tax that every year was more immense, Such things were not demanded by the Lord.

But the elixir of happiness in such a care-free life, To me at least would seem to get first place; He didn't have to chase around to captivate a wife— She was added as a special act of grace.

He never lay awake at night in frenzies of despair, Unable which of several girls to choose, For Mabel, May or Marjorie he never tore his hair, Nor broken-hearted took to cards or booze.

And this, I must admit, will always be my private wish: Oh, Lord, if you would all my wants relieve, Take all my ribs, my clavicle, I give you full permission, If you'll only save me hunting for my Eve.

LOOK, CHILDREN!



RED TAPE

By C.D.C.

"How old are you?" Tommy stared across the big, littered desk in round-eyed astonishment. He had been prepared to find Uncle Jim a stickler for form. He was a precise, old-maidish bachelor, and Tommy had known him well for a good many years. But to have him ask in that kindly inquiry tone, "how old are you?" when, but a month before, he had sent a book inscribed, "For Tommy on his fifteenth birthday from his affectionate Uncle Jim"—it was too much.

"Well, Thomas, you know how old you are, surely."

Thomas! Ye gods! This was worse and worse. Perhaps he was only joking. Tommy grinned feebly, and gulped out, "Fifteen, sir." But his uncle gave no answering smile, and displayed no more sign of having known this than would the Shah of Persia.

Tommy's heart began to sink. For at least eight years he had looked forward to this day, the day when he would enter Gimsby College, the day when, greeted by a smiling registrar, his own uncle, he would be introduced to an equally smiling principal, and would be established, henceforth, as the most popular boy in the school. He was startled from his melancholy reverie by his uncle's voice.

"When were you born?" he was demanding. "Don't stare like an idiot. You've got to answer these questions, and we might as well get it over," he went on peevishly. "Now, then, when were you born?"

"August 14, 1908," replied Tommy wearily. If this was registering he'd had enough already.

"Where were you born?" pursued his uncle relentlessly. Tommy gaped. And then, "Same place you were," he said glibly.

"Don't get saucy, my boy," returned his uncle solemnly. "It doesn't pay. Well?"

"Morgansville, Ontario," Tommy said, with a sigh worthy of an undertaker, or a grave-digger. Without pausing for breath, Uncle Jim continued his interrogation.

"Nationality of father?" he inquired. "Aw, Uncle Jim, you know the answers to all these questions. Why do you have to ask me?" And as he spoke he looked wistfully out of the window where he could see the big baseball diamond, the gold and red of autumn-tinted leaves, and, beyond, a glint of the blue river.

"But, my dear boy, because I happen to be your uncle is no reason why I should shirk questioning you, either to save myself or you, a little time and labour. There are questions here to which I cannot know the answer, and the others I will do better to ask you for my memory may play me false. These forms all have to be gone through, and this information must all be properly recorded. Well, then, nationality of father?"

"English, and mother's Irish." Uncle Jim frowned. It hurt his methodical spirit to have his questions anticipated. He had quietly gone through this formula year after year, with old boys and new, and whether he knew the answers or not there was

something in him which demanded that these questions be asked.

So Tommy wearily and sullenly gave his home and address, his father's occupation, the school he had last attended, and all the other miscellaneous information deemed necessary for the school records.

The bright afternoon wore on, and time that could have been spent on the river, or at the swimming hole, was frittered away in answering endless and apparently senseless questions, in filling out forms, and signing declarations.

"Well, I think that will be all," his uncle said at last, and Tommy sprang eagerly to his feet. "No, no, just a minute," exclaimed Uncle Jim. "There's one question here I've overlooked. Religion. What denomination do you belong to?"

"For the love of Mike," Tommy gasped, and sank weakly back into his chair. "What den—and you my godfather. Oh, save us!"

"Thomas," cried his uncle sternly. "Answer my question at once." "But, Uncle Jim, surely—" "Answer me at once."

"Oh, I'm an Anglican, I think," Tommy almost moaned; "but, sir, I'm not sure."

"Thomas Bradley," thundered Uncle Jim, now thoroughly incensed at such disregard of form and method. "You know what church you've gone to all your life. You know what denomination it is. Then tell me sensibly and clearly."

"Anglican," said Tommy, and slumped suddenly in his chair.

He was released at last with a card to carry to the principal, another to the medical director, and a third to the master of his form. But already the sun was gone, and the boys were coming in from field and river. Tommy was exhausted. Round and round in his head went phrases like, "nationality of father, school last attended, Morgansville, Ontario, August 14, 1908," in a hopeless jumble of questions and answers. Was he going to study Latin or Greek? He couldn't tell. And whether it was Science or English on which he was only to put half time he had no idea.

PERHAPS

By Carman Dixon Craig

Perhaps the wind tells wondrous tales Of magic countries by the sea, Where the green ocean never fails, And there are wonders fair to see.

Where painted ships go sailing by, With gleaming sails as white as snow, Where sea gulls swoop and dip and fly, And fierce old pirates go.

Where ships are filled with silks and spice, With lace and perfume, pearls and gold, With rubies, large, beyond all price, And vases that the Persians sold.

The wind has seen so many things, Has wandered o'er so many lands, Has breathed the sandal wood that flings Its perfume over heathen bands.

Who straggle past by twos and threes To worship their repulsive gods, Whose shrines are often built in trees Where some old priest continual nods.

He's blown the Chinese mandarins' Long, pale-blue, silk-embroidered sleeves, He's heard the largest cities' dins, And sung in country mansions' eaves.

He's wandered from the east to west, From north to south and back again, He's ridden on the sea-wave's crest, And danced in many a country lane.

If we who always hear his voice, But never understand his words Could find the key, we would rejoice In tales that now he tells to birds;

We'd learn the wondrous things he tells Of magic countries by the sea, Where the green ocean never swells, And there are wonders fair to see.

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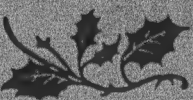
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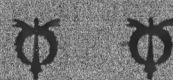
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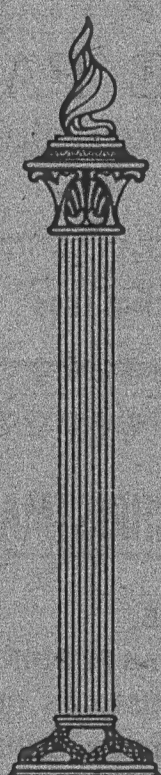
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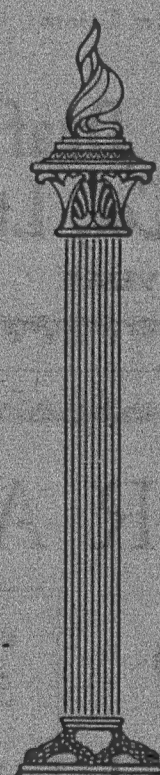
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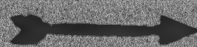
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R.A.H. Nurses Entertain

The Graduating Class of the Royal Alexander Hospital entertained the Senior Class of the University Hospital at a delightful class dance on Thursday, December 4th.
The party was held in the Rotunda of the nurses' home, which was gaily decorated in the class colors, gold and purple. Whistles and balloons were presented to each guest, and with streamers and confetti and all, the party was voted as one of the merriest of the season.

Dr. Eadie: "Did you ever have paralysis?"
Patient: "Yes, but I shook it off."

Miss Russell: "What does HNO3 stand for?"
Pro: "Oh, oh, I've got it on the end of my tongue."
Miss Russell: "Spit it out! Spit it out! It's nitric acid!"

Aggie to Med.: Your dog howled all night.
Med, hopefully: "That's a sign of death. Whose, I wonder?"

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Aggie, viciously: "Your dog's, if he howls again tonight!"

Andy Wilson (admirably): "You are a nurse after my own heart."
Babs: "Thank you; but I hope you are not a Med after mine, because it's otherwise engaged."

Dr. Dunn: "Has nitric acid any effect upon living tissue?"
Nurse: "Well, I dropped some on my hand and it made it smart."
Stage whisper from back-row: "Why don't you swallow some!"

Little probationer accosted Cecil entering Aux. A and B, and, after entertaining him for a few moments, she went upstairs.
Presently she returned. "Vi is nearly ready," she repeated; "she's just writing on her eyebrows."

Matas, taking patient's history: "When the symptoms first appeared did your teeth chatter?"
Patient, an old lady: "Doctor, I couldn't tell 'ee. They was on the table."

Caraside Tragedy

Nurse: "Where was that patient wounded?"
Med: "Shot in the head, in the garage."
Nurse: "Isn't that too bad. And how did it occur?"
Brilliant Med: "The car back-fired."

Quest: "Why is it that Maude is ready for Xmas?"

Ans.: "Because it is readily seen that she is bedecked out with 'Hollies'."

"JOE"

(Continued from Page 12.)

Mary gushed over the fish as if the presentation was not a daily event; but several of the young gentlemen present exchanged knowing winks.

She dropped the parcel next to her chair, while Joe slowly settled himself on the grass several feet away.
"And are those girls in the music halls really nice, Mr. Smithers?" she cooed, and looked archly at the patent leather haired young man, who occupied the favoured stretch of grass in front of her. "Are they really respectable?"

"Nice?" Mr. Smithers waved a cigarette, and assumed a knowing leer, as became a dissipated young drifter from the wicked metropolis.
"Well, now, Miss Hodges, you know what London is. We ain't as straight-faced about some things as people here are. But nice, well, I wouldn't be no gentleman if I didn't tell you that I think there's one young lady, not ten miles from here, that's nicer than the whole lot of them put together."

"Aw, go on!" cried Mary, and roughly pushed the young man with her foot. "I just know you've been a gay young dog in London; night clubs and everything. Oh, I read the Sunday papers."
"Oof!" exploded Mr. Smithers, and rolled to his feet. "Ow can you stand it! Oh, my, that fish smells bad! I'll lay a quid Joe's passed off an old one on you."

"I smelt it was 'igh as soon as Joe give it you," cried William White, son of that Jas. White, whose name appeared over the sole butcher shop in Horton. "Me, too," chimed in Jonas Fryer. "That fish ain't fit to eat, it ain't."
Now, now, Joe, never mind," soothed Mary. "The boys are only teasing you. I know that fish ain't 'igh. You wouldn't give me a price on that isn't no good, would you? Now, now, Joe, set down. You boys ought to know better than tease poor Joe like that. I'm surprised at you, Mr. Smithers. I am that. Now, I'll go and give this fish to mother, and—"

"It's a good fish," said Joe slowly. "It ain't 'igh. Them as ses so, is liars." He slowly sat down again, and glowered at the assembled swains.

Mary departed with the fragrant gift, and the two town boys, William and Jonas, took this occasion to depart, so escaping the embarrassment of a farewell.

When the girl returned only Joe and the young drifter were left in the garden, and Mary showed her annoyance at this diminishment of her court by turning her back to Joe and concentrating the favour of her smile on Mr. Smithers.

"Don't mind him," she said, with a backward toss of her head. "He's all right, you know, but—" Her finger made an expressive rotary movement next to her left temple.

CONTINGENT ORDERS

No. 1-26, by Lieut.-Colonel F. A. Stewart Dunn, Commanding U. of A. Contingent, C.O.T.C.
Dec. 10, 1925.

Para. 1—Rifle Team

Tuesday, January 5—
"A" Company will report direct to Room 145 Medical Building at 4:30 p.m. sharp.

Syllabus: Lecture, "Protection at Rest," Sergeant-Instructor Smith, P.C.L.I.
Dress: Civilian clothes without side arms.

Lewis Gunners and Signallers will report direct to Room 135 Arts Building at 4:30 p.m. sharp.

Syllabus: Instruction, Lt. D. E. Walker and Acting-Capt. C. Mealing.
Dress: Civilian clothes without side arms.

Medical "A" Squad will report direct to Room 347 Medical Building at 4:30 p.m. sharp.

Syllabus: Instruction.
Dress: Civilian clothes.

Brass and Bugle Band will report direct to Room 404 Arts Building at 4:30 p.m. sharp.

Dress: Civilian clothes.
"B" Company will parade at 4:30 p.m. sharp in Convocation Hall.

Syllabus: Platoon and Company Drill.
Dress: Uniforms without side arms.

GOWNS FOR SENIORS

That the great majority of students in the faculties of Arts, Law and Commerce would be appearing at lectures in gowns after Christmas, was the statement made to The Gateway by Bruce Macdonald, President of the Senior Class. Blazers, however, will not be available until the latter part of January.

"My, I'd like to go to London, Mr. Smithers. I'll bet you could show me all the latest dances, too."

"Could I?" laughed the young man, and complacently felt his budding moustache. "Here, I'll show you now."

He jumped to his feet with these words, and gallantly advanced upon the giggling Mary, whom he seized firmly by the waist and pressed close to his gaudy watch-chain. The girl bent backwards in the fashion she knew was correct from the moving pictures she had seen, and together they went through a series of dance steps, while the young man provided his own music through a loud and nasal "Da de dade dum pom pom."

Joe looked in breathless amazement at what he thought was an unheard of familiarity.

"My that was nice," cried the girl, as they ceased their revolutions.

Mr. Smithers seemed loath to release her none too slight figure.
"Did you really like it?" he asked.
"Here, I'll show you what we do in London." The moonlight and the warmth of her body had their effect, and before she could move he hungrily pressed his lips to hers.

"Oo-oh!" she gasped, half frightened at the effect of her flirtation. "Why, Mr. Smithers! Right in public, too!" she fluttered, as she recovered her composure. "I'm really awfully angry with you, and if you want to stay a friend of mine you'll have to come to the arbour and apologize before I tell mother."

Her white skirt flitted around a corner of the walk.

It was Mr. Herbert, the grocer, who, looking over the fence as he was passing, noticed what was happening. Others quickly gathered when he called. But they were too late. When they broke Joe's hand away, the young man fell limply over on his side. The frightened Mary and her mother came running out, and Joe, looking anxiously at her and begging for forgiveness, caught only a look of dreadful horror from her eyes, before they led him away.

He fought a little, but they were too many for him. They got him into the police cell. He strained against the iron bars there, too, crying out all night for Mary. When the morning came he was huddled up on his cot, his blue eyes wild and fixed upon a patch of sunlight on the wall. His lips moved ceaselessly in repetition of his night-long plaint: "Mary, Mary, it really wasn't my fault. I didn't mean it. It was the hot weather. When I got it the fish was fresh."

G. R. H. D.

A FARMER'S LIFE IN INDIA

(Continued from Page 9.)

glowing birds flaunting their plumage before them, they were far happier than the voluptuous king and his queen amidst servants and the courtiers all enclosed in a magnificent palace.

During this time the oxen had kept busily grazing in the unfilled part of the field. When the farmer finished his breakfast, his wife drove the animals to a neighboring pond. In a few minutes they arrived at the shimmering pool, surrounded by shady mango trees. The oxen dipped their mouths in it, and did not raise their heads before their thirst was perfectly quenched. As they finished their drink she drove them back again. By now, after having a smoke, Hari was ready to accomplish his duty, which was a mere drudgery. It had disappeared, that magical grandeur of the glorious morning. The sun was dazzling, at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the horizon. Quickly the farmer yoked the oxen and began to perform his incessant labour. "Don't stay for too long in the hot sun, now," said his amiable wife, as she turned to go home. After her departure he began to plough with an incredible speed. Flushes of heat went over him, and perspiration was flowing from head to feet. There rose in his dark, sun-tanned face a blinding, choking dust as fine as smoke. His naked feet and his legs as far as knee were streaked with the soil. He had a heavy coarse turban on his head to save it from the heat. Around his body he wore a loose sleeveless shirt. Unequivocally, a casual observer, knowing that a farmer in India toils from the dawn to the sunset, will wonder at the sight of his dress. "Is he really so poor?" he will ask himself. "Being aware of the fact that the land yields in abundance, he will grow confounded by his problem. 'Then why is an Indian farmer so shabbily dressed?' he will question himself again. But, alas! what does a passer-by know about his condition. Does he know that the farmer is forced to contribute nearly seventy-five per cent. of his income to fill the bursting coffers of the British Government? His condition is far worse than that of a Russian farmer during Czarism. He is levied with heavy taxes, but he is not allowed to vote for their increasing or lowering. He is even deprived of having any voice in suggesting how his money should be consumed. But why should it not be so? It is none of his business to take any interest in method of government by which he is being ruled."

It was growing warmer and warmer. Birds were hiding themselves in the emerald foliage of the shady trees. The grasshoppers were whirring about the green shrubs. The bees were droning around the wild flowers of various colours. Hari now had finished his duty at the field. After unfastening the plough from the yoke he lifted it up and suspended it on the yoke by the ploughshare, for in the afternoon he was going to cultivate his field situated in the other direction. The shadows of the trees had decreased as much as they would during that part of the season. The earth was now rapidly growing warm enough to affect the bare feet. The oxen were almost panting. The farmer, after picking up his hooks and his tobacco bag, drove the tired team home. Thus ended his daily forenoon toil.

LITTLE LISETTE

List to the story of Little Lisette, The fair and remarkably young frshette,
Who paid for attempting to deceive Her dear papa on a Christmas Eve—
O bad little girl, Lisette!

She was so young you'd never believe She went to a dance on a Xmas Eve. Without obtaining papa's consent To a Varsity dance they say she went.
O bad little daughter of Eve!

She danced in glee till eleven o'clock, And then she received a decided shock, Like Cinderella she hurried away And made for her home without delay
To hang up her little silk sock.

Now tho' Lisette was so up-to-date, It surely can do no harm to state She really believed in Santa Claus, And that is the reason it gave her pause,
To think of being home late.

It must also be said in the girl's defence That her papa encouraged such innocence; It was his belief that by this device He could keep her free from Varsity vice,
We admit he was lacking in sense.

And so it befell that about midnight, With a stealthy step and minus a light, He entered his dear little daughter's room,
Where all was still as an empty tomb,
To fill up her stocking so white.

But just at that moment the little co-ed Crept up the stairs to her cosy bed. She hoped she had not come home too late,
For she hated to make old Santa wait—
But she found her papa instead.

She sees her pa in the dim moonlight Filling her little sock so white; She weeps aloud and her tears fast fall,
To think there's no Santa Claus after all!
O, she sobs in the silent night.

Now, here's my advice to any co-ed, Don't dance when you should be at home in bed,
And then your happy illusions of youth Will not be shattered by cold, sad Truth!

As they were for little Lisette. —R. V. C.

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